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THE LARGER ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—SOUTH SIDE.

ST. PAUL'S and Westminster are naturally associated by both their resemblances and their contrasts. They are both among the most notable ecclesiastical structures in Europe, and quite unrivaled by any others in Great Britain. Both date from

an early antiquity, and both are intimately associated with the history of the kingdom, alike for the stirring events that have occurred within or about them and for the monuments found in them. But while Westminster Abbey as seen to day stands



ST. PAUL'S CHOIR.

as a relic of the remote past, St. Paul's, as a building, is comparatively new, and belongs to later times:

Ethelbert, king of Kent, founded the Cathedral of St. Paul, in the city of London, about the year 610, A. D. The edifice then erected, with the additions made to it by succeeding sovereigns, after standing nearly five centuries, was destroyed by fire in 1087. Its place was soon after filled by another and much larger and more imposing one, which was that often named as "Old St. Paul's," to distinguish it from that now standing. It was six hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, with a spire five hundred and twenty feet high, "higher than the great pyramid." It was cruciform, had seventy-six chapels, a bell tower with four bells, a chapter-house, and was served by two hundred Roman Catholic priests. The walls were rich in pictures, and the Church had a large number of fine monuments. But with all their superstitious regard for "holy" places, the old time Londoners were not averse to using their cathedral for secular purposes. The floor

was laid out in walks which were used for traffic by trades people of all classes, from dealers in haberdashery to traders in beef cattle and mules and horses, and all sorts of merchandise. The first lottery in England was drawn at the west door of the cathedral in 1569. It was greatly defaced—*profaned* it had been already—by the populace and the soldiery during the times of the civil wars, and it was entirely destroyed by the great fire in 1686. Its massive walls were completely calcined by the heat, and nothing remained after the fire but a mass of quicklime.

The reconstruction of the ruined cathedral was undertaken by Charles II, then quite recently restored to the reconstituted kingdom. The work was entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren, who first of all constructed a model for the new edifice, uniting in it the architectural orders of Greece and Rome in new and original combinations. The work of rebuilding was not begun till nine years after the great fire, May 1, 1675. While excavating the old site, an immense cemetery, filled with the remains of



ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—EAST END.

old Britons, Romans, and Saxons was uncovered, and still below this was found a whole structure of sea-shells, clearly proving that this site was in former ages covered by the sea. The first stone was laid by the architect, June 21 (C. S.), 1675; but he did not live to see his work completed, and the last stone was laid by his son in 1710. The cathedral was thirty-five years in building, with the same master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, all the time, and under the supervision of the same bishop, Dr. Henry Compton.

St. Paul's is almost centrally located in the old city of London, on the high ground of Ludgate Hill. It is in the form of the

Latin cross, and is fashioned pretty closely, though not slavishly, after St. Peter's at Rome. Its material is Portland stone, its style of architecture Corinthian below, and Composite above. It is five hundred feet long, from east to west, and two hundred and fifty from north to south; width of the main aisle one hundred and twenty-five feet, with a front of one hundred and eighty. There are two bell towers two hundred and twenty feet high, and the top of the cross is three hundred and sixty-five feet from the ground. The whole building covers an area of eighty-four thousand and twenty-five square feet. The semi-circular recess, at the end of the nave, contains the great altar.



YORK MINSTER.

The dome is considered by competent judges of unequalled architectural excellence, combining beauty and grandeur, as it is at once light and massive.

Though much less a mausoleum than Westminster Abbey, still St. Paul's is the resting-place of the remains of some of England's most renowned heroes and statesmen. It has over fifty monuments put there by authority of parliament. It has colossal statues of John Howard, the philanthropist; and Dr. Johnson; of Hallam, the historian; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bishop Heber, and Sir John Moore.

The remains of Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Landseer, and Turner, also lie here,

and most notable of all, those of the architect himself. Wellington and Nelson, so intimately associated in their relations to the stirring affairs of their time, repose quietly together in England's greatest cathedral. Americans visiting here will be reminded of certain affairs in their own country by the tombs of Lords Howe and Cornwallis.

Because of its location in the midst of the city of London, St. Paul's is better known to Americans than any other of the great cathedrals. It is also much more closely associated with the present generation than any other of the great cathedrals, and yet very few of them afford so much to be studied and that will so abundantly com-

penetrate careful and studious examination, whether in the edifice itself or its accessories.

CATHEDRAL OF YORK.

York Minster possesses, in its own way, a charm and grandeur scarcely second to any other in the kingdom. It is, indeed, confessed to be architecturally among the few best in England, and quite worthy to be classed with St. Peter's at Rome, Notre Dame at Paris, and the cathedrals of Milan and Strasburg. And though not among the very oldest, yet its age is quite sufficient to afford it all the advantages of a real antiquity. The exact time when first an Episcopal See was established at York, and a cathedral church erected, can not be certainly determined, though it is pretty certain that it was during the rule of the Saxon monarchs. Some antiquarians endeavor to make out that it existed as early as the seventh century. It is, indeed, said that a Saxon temple to Thor, the war god of the Northmen, once stood upon the site of the venerable minster, and that Edwin, king of Northumbria, after his baptism, changed the heathen temple into a Christian church. A few years after the battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror overrun the North country, and in the destruction that followed not even this sanctuary of the common faith of the belligerents escaped. Thus the older structure, whatever it may have been, entirely perished, and the existing edifice dates later than the Norman conquests.

That the cathedral of the present time can not claim a very great antiquity is seen not only in its well ascertained history, but also in its architecture, which agree together to fix the date of its construction not earlier than the fourteenth or at the earliest the thirteenth century. Thomas Boyeux, the first Norman archbishop of York, built a new church of a very modern character on the site of the one destroyed a few years before. Roger, his successor, rebuilt the choir in a much more imposing style. Archbishop De Gray (1215-1255) added the south transept, a fine



NAVE, YORK CATHEDRAL.

specimen of early English architecture, and somewhat later Archbishop Romeyn added the north transept and perhaps the great tower, while the chapter house, of a later date, is credited to Archbishop Thoresby, who also added the Lady Chapel and the presbytery, about 1375. It was not till nearly a hundred years later that the choir was rebuilt, and the two western towers added, and the whole structure completed in something of the combined grace and grandeur in which it now appears.

In its dimensions this venerable minster excels most others of English cathedrals. Its extreme length is 524 feet, and the breadth 250 feet. The central tower is 218 feet high, and the other two towers 200 feet; the central dome is 188 feet high, and the choir 102, and the nave 99½ feet. The great western window is considered one of the finest in the world. It is 54 feet high and 30 wide, of exquisite pattern and richness of materials. The great east window is still larger, being 76 feet by 32, but of not equal



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

workmanship. The view of the surrounding country from the main tower is very extensive, and historically interesting, especially, for its view of the famous battle-field of Marston Moor, where Cromwell gained one of his notable victories over the king's forces.

Among the minor, though not inconsiderable, features of this grand old structure may be named the five narrow lancet windows of the early English style in the north transept, called the Five Sisters, and also the great south doorway, with its encircling sculptures of the twelve apostles. On the walls of the chapter-house may be seen a remarkable, if not especially pleasing, display of "purgatorial" heads, showing all the supposed tortures of the condemned; and

also, at the outer eaves, some very old "gargoyles," now happily nearly defaced, which seem to combine all that is loathsome and horrible in the way of beasts, reptiles, and death's-heads. In strong contrast to these abominations is the carved work forming the rear of the stalls. So, too, the ceilings of the naves and transepts are marvels of lightness and perfection in their tracery. Some of this fine work is quite modern, for only a few years ago extensive repairs were rendered necessary by the attempt of a madman to burn down the whole pile, saying that it ought to be destroyed as a relic of heathenism; and the attempt came very near to being a complete, as it was, in fact, a partial success.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

In the nomenclature of English towns, even the most cursory observer must notice the frequent occurrence, usually with a prefix or suffix, of the name "Chester," sometimes changed to "cester" and "caster," but in one notable case standing alone, as the name of one of the oldest and best-known cities in the west of England. It needs only to be mentioned that these various but kindred names indicate that the places that bear them were once the sites of Roman camps (*castra*), and the goodly city of Chester, at the mouth of the Dee, opening upon St. George's Channel, accordingly received its name from the fact that it was for a long period the principal station in the west of Britain held by the Romans. Other camps were named from the rivers or other natural objects near which they were located; but this one, because of its pre-eminence, was simply "the camp." It is situated, as every school-boy has learned from the book, and most American tourists by actual observation, only a few miles south of Liverpool, on the highway southward to Holyhead. This is also one of the few walled cities of England, for its walls are still kept entire, and one may now "go round about it on the walls thereof." But among all its antiquities none is more interesting than its venerable cathedral.

Just when this venerable pile was founded as a Christian church is not ascertained, though not improbably Christian worship was maintained at this place while as yet it was occupied by the Romans, for it is pretty well ascertained that the new religion was at an early date pretty widely propagated in Britain. Some ancient traditions say that just here was one of the sacred places of the Druids, and that afterwards the Romans erected in its stead a temple to Apollo, and that as early as the latter part of the second century on the same ground was erected a monastery dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The legendary history of this cathedral, coming down through a thousand years, is unusually rich, and about as well authenticated as such things usually are. The foundation of the present magnificent build-

ing was laid by Hugh Lupus near the close of the eleventh century, as an abbey of Benedictine Monks, and at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, Chester was erected into an independent bishopric.



SOUTH PORCH.

The principal portions of this venerable pile have been erected at different periods from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, though some portions seem to be of an earlier date. Its general style of architecture is Norman-Gothic. The west front was the work of Abbot Ripley, in the latter years of the fifteenth century, but the evident design that there should be two western towers was never realized. The entrance at this front—a Tudor archway—is very fine. Above this is the great western window of the nave, with its eight lights with elaborate tracery of the pointed style. On the south the entrance is by a deep porch flanked by buttresses, and under a Tudor arch with richly paneled spandrels. The windows are perpendicular and pointed.

Though less expensive than some others of its class of structures, the dimensions of Chester cathedral are of grand proportions.

Its length from east to west is 350 feet, nave 160, choir 125, lady chapel 65, transept from north to south 130 feet; breadth of nave, choir, and aisles, 74½ feet; south wing of



LADY CHAPEL.

transept 80 feet square; height of nave and choir 78 feet, of tower 127 feet, of Lady Chapel 33 feet; breadth of north wing of transept 39 feet. A singular feature of the cathedral is the disproportion between the two wings of the transept, and the unusually large proportions of the south wing, which nearly equals the choir in length, and exceeds it in breadth with aisles on both sides. The north transept, which probably covers the original foundation, is comparatively small, and without aisles, having only the breadth of the central tower.

The "Lady Chapel" is externally simple, an extension of the choir, having an octagonal turret near the east end, with an embattled parapet. The windows are pointed and perpendicular; the external angles have

battresses, and the eastern face has a low gable point. As the chapel is only about equal in height to the side aisles of the choir, the east face of the main structure is seen above it, showing a lofty, pointed, and highly ornamented window of the Elizabethan style. The central tower, though only one story above the roof, is still rather lofty, and perhaps the best external feature of the cathedral, having two pointed windows on each face divided down the middle by a single mullion.

As is the case with the exterior, so, also, the interior of this cathedral was never completed according to its original design. The roof is not vaulted, which somewhat mars the effect of the interior view. The pillars of the nave are clustered, and have rich bases and foliated capitals and pointed arches. Here may also be seen a number of monuments; an emblematical one, the Genius of History, erected to the memory of Dean Swift; one to Sir William Mounwaring, killed in the civil war of 1644; one to Captain Buchanan, who fell at Waterloo, and one to Sir John Grey Egerton. In the north transept is a piece of very fine tapestry, executed after a cartoon of Raphael, said to be among the few finest in Europe.

The cloisters on the north side form a quadrangle one hundred and ten feet square, of the style of the fifteenth century. The east walk of the cloisters is the entrance into the chapter-house, which last was built early in the twelfth century by Randle, Earl of Chester, and is still a decidedly fine structure.

The unfinished state of this fine old cathedral and its sadly dilapidated condition have long been a matter of regret of all who have taken interest in such matters, whether as ecclesiastics or antiquarians, and for some time past its restoration and completion has been in actual progress, with a good prospect of making it according to its original design, one of the finest and most imposing of the English cathedrals.

MICHAEL ANGELO.



WE are to consider him who was architect, sculptor, painter, poet—epitome of art, her high-priest, whose immortal works illustrate Christian history, teaching, faith, struggle, and triumph; whose sublime interpretations of the spiritual crown him in that royal brotherhood of creative genius where are Homer and Milton, Mozart and Beethoven, Dante and Shakespeare, Phidias and Raphael.

Michael Angelo Buonarrotti was born in March, 1475, at Caprese, near Florence, in Tuscany, of an ancestry in whose veins flowed imperial blood. His parents were Ludovici and Francesca, his father being governor of Caprese and Chiusa, the ancient Chusium, whence, according to Macaulay, marched Lars Porsena, to

"Hang round Numa's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

His early love for art annoyed his father. Sent to grammar school at Florence, Michael idled his time among the *ateliers* of the various artists. Forbid the rose to bloom beneath Italian skies, but not this art-bud to unfold in Florence. Florence, patroness of art, "fairest city of earth," mother of Dante, the Italian Milton, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Columbus of the sky, Cellini, and Del Sarto; of Ghiberti, who wrought her wondrous gates of bronze; of Brunelleschi, the architect, and of Donatello; and in sight of whose Campanile was born the painter of the "Last Supper;" Florence, whose name is a blossom, whose

"Arno wins us to the fair, white walls
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls,"

she could only be to him a Sarah, and he an Isaac well-beloved.

He would draw and paint. By entreaty, by threat, by command, by the persuasion of relatives, did Ludovici attempt to dissuade his son from his "folly;" and, finally, when all other arts failed, gave the youth a sound flogging. It was of no use, and the stubborn boy was apprenticed to a noted artist, Ghirlandajo, from whom, instead of paying for his privilege, he received a salary.

Michael Angelo was delicate in youth, but grew strong in after life. He was of medium stature, spare and bony, with broad shoulders and eaving forehead; his eyes were light hazel, lips thin, complexion fair, and nose fearfully disfigured by a blow given him by an irascible fellow-student. He had not the noble stateliness of Da Vinci, nor the seraphic beauty of Raphael. But "brains" were to "mix the colors" of the "Last Judgment," carve the "Moses," and span the vault of St. Peter's, and God gave what the artist needed.

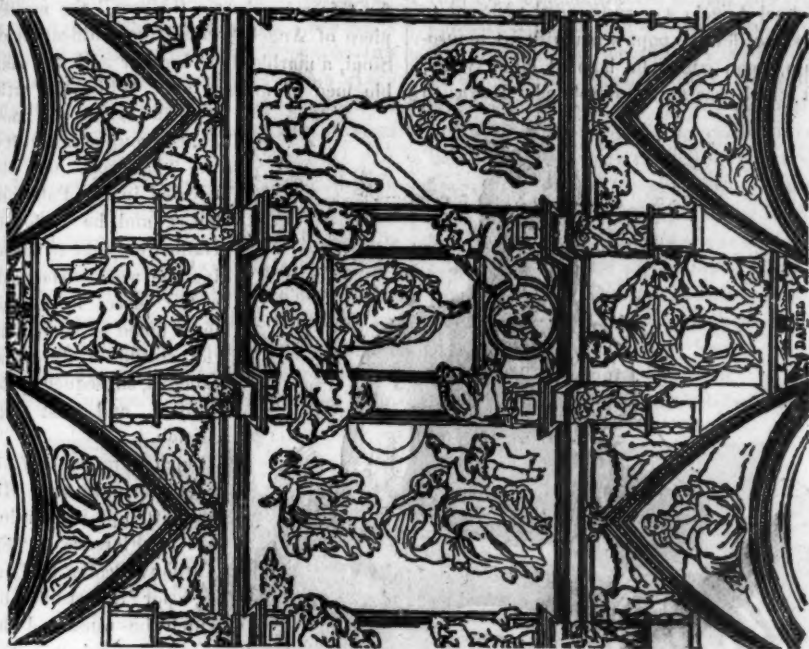
He had a Miltonic imagination, a Lutheran will, a tendency to solitude, a keen wit, and a nature in whose great depths lay tenderest sympathies. Like the two masters with whom he is ever associated, he was truly "Bachelor of Arts," and when asked why he had never married, would reply, "My art is my wife, and my works are my children." Angelo was ever faithful and

truthful in his art, and in all his productions we search in vain for such blunders as Tintoretto, who armed the Israelites with muskets, or of Cigoli, who put spectacles on the nose of Simeon, or of Dürer, who put Dutch tobacco-pipes in the mouths of the Roman guard in Pilate's court.

Our artist began with painting, but achieved no great work with the pencil until after his fame was established with the chisel. About the time he left the school of painting Lorenzo de Medici established a school for sculpture in Florence, called the Garden of San Marco, into which young Angelo was introduced. At fifteen he set about his first sculpture—a faun, which he copied from an antique mask, and which gained him the favor of Lorenzo. The prince would permanently attach the youth to the Garden; Ludovici objected. It was enough that his son had become a painter, and now must there be the added disgrace of making him a "stone-mason?" But Lorenzo prevailed, and in the ever-memorable historic year 1492 Angelo was attached to the family of the Medici. The court of Florence was the center of art and learning. Here the young artist met and was instructed by such men as Poliziano, teacher of classics, and Bertoldo, who turned his attention to works in bronze.

At the age of seventeen his patron died, and Angelo arranged a studio in his father's house. During this time he was enabled to pursue human anatomy by actual dissection. We find him again in the palace of the Medici. Pietro, a weak princeling, succeeded Lorenzo. A great snow-storm occurred; the prince must have a snow-statue in the courtyard; Angelo is called to make it; the prince is amused, and the artist finds his way back into the palace again. But how little Pietro comprehended and appreciated the great man may be learned from what he once said: "I have two extraordinary persons in my house, the one a Spanish running footman, who is so rapid on foot and so long-breathed that I can not get before him when riding at full speed; and the other is Michael Angelo."

War gathered over Florence, and the art-



FRESQUES ON CEILING OF SISTINE CHAPEL.

ist fled to Bologna, where, in the family of an intelligent patron of art, he found new and valuable influences. The evenings were spent in reading aloud *Dante* or *Petrarch*, whose grand conceptions he was to reproduce in fresco. Here, also, at Bologna he found a new revelation of art in a marble coffin, made by *Pisano*, and enriched with his reliefs, which for boldness and energy were unsurpassed in modern sculpture.

Angelo returned to Florence, where a more wonderful influence awaited him in the study of the gates of *Ghiberti*. He declared them worthy of being the "gates of *Paradise*," and before them would he stand and study and wonder. Some antique works were exhumed, and the artist made a "Sleeping *Cupid*," giving it the appearance of having been a long time buried. The work was sent to Rome, and purchased at a large sum as an antique; but the secret came out, and the maker of such a fine work was invited to a residence in the imperial city. What a school was that to such a genius as his! There was the *Pantheon*,

with its vast dome, the *Coliseum*, with its great ellipse, the old Roman Baths, the Temple of *Jupiter*, the Basilica of *St. Peter*, the Castle of *St. Angelo*, the palaces of nobles and dignitaries; and there were artists such as *Pollojuolo*, pupil of *Ghiberti*, and *Mantegna*, painter of the *Belvedere*.

We trace the steps of Angelo from the school of painting to the Garden of *San Marco*, to the conceptions of *Dante*, to the sculptures of *Pisano*, the gates of *Ghiberti*, and the architecture of Rome. Florence and Bologna were his training schools, Rome the arena of his immortality in art. He soon set all Rome to wondering by his marble group called "*Pieta*," representing the dead Savior in the lap of the mourning Mary. Angelo returned for a time to Florence, and met for the first time *Leonardo da Vinci*. At the age of twenty-six the artist began one of his greatest marbles—his "*David*." Three and a half years of his great life went into that block of stone—a colossal work of nine tons weight.

Julius II came to the pontifical chair, and

Michael Angelo was summoned to Rome to construct for the pope a magnificent mausoleum, upon which he labored many years, but which was never completed. It was to

for this mausoleum; "Moses," the masterpiece of Angelo's chisel, personification of Sinai, a marble fit to brother with the marble men of ancient art. While the artist

was in Rome the most famed group of antiquity, the "Laocoon," was discovered in the Palace of Titus, and he with San Gallo were sent to examine the work. He made a few pieces in bronze, most noted of which was the statue of Julius at Bologna, subsequently destroyed and cast into cannon.

Such were some of his works in sculpture. His first attempt in painting was at Florence, a "St. Anthony Bitten by Devils," for the studies of which he ransacked the animal kingdom. The frescoes of Masaccio by the naturalness of their pose, animation, and sculpture-like appearance, had great influence over his pencil, and there were the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, the "Madonna" of Cimabue, and the "Death of Mary," by Giotto, all of which inspired his art.

Florence was enriched by his "David;" the Florentines desired some great work of his pencil, and with Da Vinci he was employed to paint the two side walls of the Ducal Hall. The themes chosen were from the wars between Florence and Pisa. Angelo selected "Preparation for Battle," in which Florentine soldiers were surprised while bathing in the Arno, a grand theme for his sculpture-like pencil. The painting was never executed, but the cartoon with one master-stroke carried design to a perfect



MOSES.

consist of three parts, one above the other, an immense pyramid of marble, adorned with over fifty statues, besides bronzes and other decorations, the whole to be crowned by two angelic forms bearing an open sarcophagus, containing the figure of Julius in the sleep of death. The famous statue of Moses was one of the eight principal figures

tion which even he himself never surpassed. At that time came Raphael to Florence, a youth of eighteen; and there were the three masters—a wondrous trinity of art, in which fifteen hundred Christian years found their goal and towards which nearly four hundred have turned for their inspiration.

Michael Angelo is again at Rome, his task to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He has never worked in fresco; Raphael is decorating the chambers of the Vatican; over five thousand square feet of surface are to be covered with paintings that shall vie with the stanzas of Raphael and bear the inspection of ages. At thirty-four the work is begun, and amid untold difficulties, inter-

ruptions, and annoyances carried forward to a successful completion. The great area is surrounded by a magnificent cornice supported by nearly fifty caryatides. The ceiling is treated like a sky, the spectator appearing to look out between gorgeous arches into distant space. Through those wondrous arches are seen the main features of the story of man's creation and fall, with the offering of Abel and the Deluge. On the walls twelve colossal figures, six from sacred history, and six from heathen mythology, in sitting posture, contemplate the scenes above them, while a profusion of architectural decorations and designs fill up this grand area. In those figures, says the brilliant Castelar, "the re-



newed human body found its apotheosis, and the Renaissance its representative."

Thirty years have passed, and the artist begins his great work on the end wall of the



THE PRIESTESS OF DELPHI.

Sistine Chapel. He has no rival. Da Vinci and Raphael, the morning and the evening stars, have ceased their shining, the sun fills the heavens alone. Angelo is over three-score when he sketches the "Last Judgment," an incomparable creation of over four hundred figures in fifteen groups, in which we behold all that could realize Dante's Vision or John's Revelation.

Michael Angelo was specially at home amid Old Testament scenes and characters, Raphael and Da Vinci among the more quiet conceptions of the Gospels. Angelo painted for the intellect, Raphael for the heart. With Da Vinci was the task of portraying all that could realize the Son of God and Savior of men in the "Master at the Last Supper," with Raphael that of realizing all that could make up the perfection of female character in the Madonna, and with Angelo that of revealing the power of God and the might of passion and thought in man. He was colossal as a Titan, massive as Homer, versatile as Shakespeare, terrible

as Dante, wonderful as Milton, apocalyptic as John, and it was his power to subordinate the technic and the æsthetic to the apocalyptic—the revealing that enabled him to create a new era for art and to carry it to its climax.

Ruskin says: "A great architect must be a great sculptor and painter;" then surely Angelo, if architect at all, would be great; for Phidias, sculptor alone, planned the Parthenon; and Giotto, painter alone, planned the Campanile; he who was both sculptor and painter would certainly build grandly. Michael Angelo was schooled amid the architectural conceptions of Arnolfo, Giotto, Apollodorus, and other masters of ancient and modern times. He had talked with the palaces and temples of Florence and of Rome,

Many were his works; most noted at Florence the "Façade of San Lorenzo," alone surpassed by Athenian skill. At Rome he completed the Farnese palace, built the steps of the Church of Araceli, and transformed the Baths of Diocletian into the Church of St. Mary. But the masterpiece of his art was the dome of St. Peter's. I know of few grander scenes for contemplation than that of this fruit-bearing olive in the orchard of human being and human achievement. Think of Angelo at the age of eighty-seven constructing the model for that dome, and let your soul thrill with the old man's exultant boast, "I will hang the Pantheon in mid-air." And there it hangs to-day like a sky above its massive pile, the climax of modern architecture.

He who could carve poetry in marble, picture it in fresco, make it bloom in friezes, and tower into the grandeur of epic in stately domes, could also work its tapestries with the delicate shades of language. Many were his contributions, but few have been translated. One verse will suffice to show his style and reveal his spirit:

"Sculpture and painting, rival arts,
Ye can no longer soothe my breast;
'T is love divine alone imparts
The promise of a future rest,
On that my steadfast soul relies—
My trust the Cross, my hope the skies."

At ninety death summoned the great man



THE CREATION OF LIGHT—(FRESCO IN SISTINE CHAPEL).

to his court, and that glorious soul ascended to the city whose superlative art is the "Beauty of Holiness," carved and frescoed on the imperishable soul, and built up a living temple unto God. He was buried in Santa Croce, Florence, and over his remains stand as mourners representations of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. In the Via Ghibellina, Florence, is the house of Michael Angelo, where may be seen his table, inkstand, sandals, walking-stick, and many of his drawings and models. His place and power in art are remarkable; the "Moses," "Last Judgment," and the "Dome of St. Peter's," are three lasting monuments in three branches of art. Raphael congratulated himself that he was born in the same age with Michael Angelo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds desired that the last words he might utter in the chair of the academy, might be the name of Michael Angelo. What De Quincey said of Milton as poet, may be said of Angelo as artist, he was not a painter among painters, an artist among artists, but a *power* among artists. It has been claimed by some writers that "the character of Michael Angelo was essentially

Protestant." Be that as it may, he was the warm friend and admirer of Savonarola, the Italian Luther, and had a healthy protest against the dominant pretensions of his times. The highest art has ever unfolded in an atmosphere of freedom. It was republican Florence that sent artists to imperial Rome, and the ancient art that enriched the soil of the seven-hilled city was produced when the fires of freedom burnt upon her altars.

In writing of the Parthenon Lamartine says, "What a civilization was that which found a great man to decree, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to adorn, statuaries to execute, workmen to carve, and a people to pay for and maintain such an edifice!" But when the Parthenon was built Athens was free. We know not then why America, most intensely spiritual in faith, Protestant in religion, republican in government, should not become the next great home center of art—mother of men who shall out-carve Phidias, out-build Angelo, out-paint Raphael, and out-sing those "morning stars" of music—art's latest epoch—Mozart, Handel, and Beethoven.

IN CHINESE WATERS.

HONG-KONG.

WE steamed through the cluster of islands among which the island of Hong-kong, now belonging to England, lies, and presently we came in view of the town, lying on the side of the mountain and facing the north. The situation is badly chosen; the mountain behind shuts off the breeze, and the place is baking beneath the meridian sun. In Summer it is almost unbearable by Europeans, and all who can sojourn on the hills. Victoria Peak rises sixteen hundred and twenty-five feet from the sea, and commands an exquisite prospect of mountains, islands, and land-locked seas on every hand. The island of Hong-kong is full of hills; there is not a square acre of level ground left by nature in it. Sedan-chairs borne by coolies are the order of the day, and you have around you a European town surrounded by a large population of Chinese servants. When our luggage from the steamer was placed on shore, a crowd of Chinamen kept in by police eyed it rapaciously; and at a given signal pounced upon it like a flock of vultures, and carried it off to the hotel. Every native is on the lookout for employment, and the pay for work is very small. Here it was that Dr. Legge spent many useful years, and the European church in which he preached has still a local habitation and a name. His successor, Dr. Eitel, a German by birth, is a very able man, of great influence and much esteemed; but he has retired from service under the mission, and has accepted an important office under the governor, Mr. Pope Hennessy. We spent a most agreeable evening with Bishop Burdon, who occupies quite an isolated position, with a very wide but only nominal diocese. With Mrs. Burdon, a woman of devout missionary spirit, he is prosecuting a good work. About two miles away lies "the Happy Valley," running up among the hills, where there are six beautiful cemeteries, the English Protestant, Mohammedan, Jewish, Zoroastrian, Portu-

guese, and Roman Catholic, the first being the largest and most beautifully laid out with palms, bananas, and flowers. In the Zoroastrian ground may be seen the small "Towers of Silence," in which the bodies are exposed to be devoured by birds of prey. It is a singular coincidence that the burying-places of the various nationalities should all lie side by side in a place called "the Happy Valley." If all were partakers of the resurrection hope that Christ has brought to man, the name would be not inappropriate.

MACAO.

Every visitor to Hong-kong endeavors to make at least two excursions by steamer, the one to Macao, the other to the far-famed Chinese city of Canton. Macao is an old Portuguese settlement upon a peninsula belonging to an island of the same name, lying about thirty miles south-west of Hong-kong. Steamers run daily in four hours, and the passage is very pleasant, and mainly amidst rocky and picturesque islands. Approaching the settlement from the sea, the view is delightful, and the bare mountains have a look of being sprinkled with snow. We were landed at a wooden pier in a small and shallow harbor, and came in sedan-chairs to the Macao hotel, commanding from a large bow-window looking east a fine sea-view. It was now the end of November, and the climate felt like an August day. The settlement dates from the year 1563, and was for many years the center of Eastern commerce. The Portuguese do not own the peninsula. They have simply the right of residence there, and there is a large Chinese population governed by Chinese law. But the town, in its present quiet and decay, is full of interest. Starting upon our day's sight-seeing in chairs borne by Chinese coolies, we first visited the cathedral, where were about fifty women, with black veils of silk over their heads, kneeling before a large image of the Virgin, surrounded with the motto

Causa nostrae laticitiae. Passing through the new public garden and the barrack, we visited the hospital, commanding a fine, airy situation, but close and uncleanly within. The poor, wan fever patients (Portuguese) looked as if they would be better outside, with the pure air and sunshine for doctors. The light-house, which we next visited, is the oldest on the coast of China, and commands a view of the whole sea-girt town. An old monster arch, erected upon the isthmus of sand which joins Macao to the main island, forms the barrier of Chinese territory, and is jealously guarded by Chinese soldiers.

We were next conveyed to the two most interesting spots in the settlement, Camoens's Grotto and Garden, and the graves of the Morrisons. The garden covers about four acres, and is a charming spot for shady walks and bowers, old trees, and large rocky hills crowned with seats and summer-houses, and commanding lovely sea-views. Here the poet Camoens, "the Homer of Portugal," author of the "*Lusiad*," spent the years of his exile (circ. 1570), when neglected by an ungrateful country; and here appropriately has been erected a monument to his memory, with three inscriptions, consisting of stanzas from his own poem, lines by Bowring, a French poet, and Latin verses by Mr. Davis, an American. Close by Camoens's garden, indeed under the shadow of its old walls, is a small English cemetery, grown over with grass and weeds, where we found the tombs of Dr. Robert Morrison—first Protestant missionary to China, 1807–1834, author of the Chinese dictionary, and translator into Chinese of portions of the Holy Scriptures—of his devoted wife, and of his son. What would this pioneer of Chinese missions feel and say were he now to rise from his grave and behold the marvelous advance which the work he began half a century ago has made in the opening up of China to missionary effort, and in the multiplication of agencies of various societies, English and American, for the evangelization of the empire? Yet, after the lapse of half a century, the work is still only in its infancy and hardly more than the edge of

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the vast population is influenced by Christian missions.

We visited two other buildings of interest in Macao, which presented strange and striking analogies. The ruin of St. Paul's, once a Romish church, has a noble façade, ornamented with statues of saints and dragons and lions, not unlike those still adorning the Buddhist temple which stands about a mile away, and which, unlike the church, is not a ruin, but a thoroughfare of worshippers, and abounding with tawdry images. Near the Bar fort, at the entrance to the western harbor, there has been erected a new and very curious joss-house, with several Buddhist altars up the hill, bearing witness to the vitality of Chinese Buddhism as triumphing over the Portuguese Romanism. In these headquarters of the papacy for three centuries one beholds only the decay of Romanism on the one hand, confronted by the vitality of Buddhism on the other. Our day's sight-seeing in this little peninsula, which is only two miles long by half a mile wide, was crowned by the view of a gorgeous sunset from the parapet of the old church on Penha Hill. We did not see a more interesting or more lovely spot along the coast of China than Macao.

CANTON.

The second and most important excursion from Hong-kong is to the far-famed city of Canton, ninety miles up the river. American built steamers run daily, and accomplish the journey in eight hours. There is only one small and uncomfortable inn for Europeans in Canton, and they are fortunate who have introductions to friends residing there. It was a lovely morning when we left our moorings, amid a crowd of sampans and junks, swarming with their river population about the wharfs and backwards and forwards across the roads. Chinese families might be seen getting their breakfast in their floating homes, and women rowing with children on their backs. "A woman in China," said the mate, summing up the gist of the matter in a word, "is a beast of burden." Passing Lantau Island, with its mountain three thousand feet high, through the north

Lantau channel, and past Castle Peak (two thousand feet), we come to Tiger Island, a high riven rock, the face of which is striped with gray moss like a tiger's stripes. Beyond are the Bogue forts, where the Chinese made a valiant stand against the English invaders. Before us rises the Second Bar pagoda, a beautiful structure, in ruin, and with shrubs growing out of its galleries. These pagodas are supposed to vary in age from three hundred to three thousand years, and are monuments in memory of past heroes. Whampoe, now a deserted village, but once a stirring town, with fine bananas and old ruined docks is next passed, followed by First and Second Pagoda and Danes Island, and a fort opposite, which fifty English took from thirteen hundred Chinese defenders. At length Canton, with its vast river population, comes into view. The one object conspicuous from afar, as you look toward the great Chinese city, is the Roman Catholic cathedral, towering above all in solitary state, usurping the dignity of a presiding genius over the flat-roofed city. It stands on a fine open space in the heart of Canton. When the treaty of 1858 was made, after the conquest of the city by French and English troops, the French gained the insertion of a proviso that all sites formerly possessed by Roman Catholic missions should be restored. No sooner was this agreed to than there were forth-coming from the Vatican deeds of trust and conveyances of land to a very large extent in Chinese cities. There was in the heart of Canton a plot of eighteen acres, on which the Government House, now reduced by the siege to a heap of ruins, had stood from time immemorial. A deed of trust was produced, purporting to prove that this had been a Roman Catholic site. The Chinese authorities were astounded, and protested. But the French commander said, "If you have no power to give it, I have power to take it," and forthwith he drew a cordon of soldiers round it. Thus the Romish Church gained possession, and this is the spot on which their new cathedral towers high. "Every Chinaman," said my informant, Dr. Happer, Presbyterian missionary there for thirty years, "as he looks upon

the monument of robbery, grinds his teeth with hatred and revenge."

Threading her way through thousands of boats, all alive with people, the steamer *White Cloud* reached her moorings after an eight hours' sail; and we were met and welcomed by Dr. Chalmers, of the London Mission, who has labored here for five and twenty years, and whose works upon the Chinese language and religion, especially his *Lexicon*, have won him a high rank among Chinese scholars. We walked with him through the streets to the Concession, a low-lying plot of land outside the city, with a bend along the river, and separated from the city by a canal. It is called the Shameen. Here are the residences and warehouses of the foreign merchants, the consuls, and many of the missionaries.

"See Canton well, and you have seen China," said an experienced missionary, who had traveled much in the country; and under the guidance of valued friends, this we thoroughly did. On the first evening, after a promenade along the neatly laid-out grass of the Shameen by the river's bank, the band playing sweet music, we dined with the English consul, Dr. Hanse, who is a botanist, and has a large collection of specimens. With a permit and guide provided by him, Dr. Chalmers next day conducted us to the hall of judicial procedure in the heart of the city. We were conveyed in chairs through the narrow streets, projecting sign boards hanging over our heads, and projecting eaves almost meeting high above us, and shutting out the sun; a sewer covered with heavy flags beneath our feet, and shops on either side. It is just possible for two chairs to pass with a close shave, but usually one has to stand aside to make way for the other passers. Having visited a glass manufactory, a flour-mill worked by oxen, and a dog and cat restaurant, where "white cat soup" was offered us, we reached the hall, and found the deputies engaged upon a trial. Two mandarins were sitting in a large earth-floored room drinking tea and smoking. Before them were three Chinese gentlemen, well dressed in silk, giving witness on their knees, the mandarins inter-

rogating them in rough, harsh voice. On the right was the accuser or complainant on all fours eagerly listening, and putting in a word now and then to correct or supplement the evidence. And away on the left was the accused—poor wretch, not condemned, but accused only—undergoing torture. He was on his knees, and pinioned against a board which looked like a form set on end. Thongs were tied to his great toes, drawing up his feet behind. His pigtail was taken through a hole behind his head, and fastened to the thongs coming from his feet. His arms were pulled horizontally back and fastened by the thumbs to the projecting leg of the form. The heaving chest and distorted features, with head and arms drawn back, indicated great pain, but not a groan escaped him. Dr. Chalmers said that as far as he could make out, the evidence went in his favor; and after about half an hour the wretched sufferer was loosened from his bonds. We could see that he suffered keenly, by the contortions of the features, and he sank in a heap on the floor unable to move, and was carried away to his cell. The design of the torture is to extort a confession, but the treatment of a prisoner depends upon his wealth or the wealth of his friends. The administration of so-called "justice" is a money-making business. The best way of taking revenge or doing injury is to get up an accusation against your adversary. If the accuser has money he can secure for his victim much torture and long imprisonment, unless the accused is rich or has rich friends to bid on the other side and to buy him off. In a word, there is no such thing as justice in China, and most quiet citizens will endure any thing rather than resort to law. Thus the mandarins tyrannize and grow wealthy. Can nothing be done to subdue this tyranny? is the question that burdens the distressed spectator.

The Christian Sunday dawns over the bustling city, and the missionaries of various Churches thread their way amid open shops and noisy streets to their several centers of work. This is our hope for China. The progress is slow but sure. I attended the English service at the Shameen in the morn-

ing, and heard the Rev. F. Smith preach; and at two o'clock I accompanied Dr. Chalmers to his chapel in the heart of the city, and preached to a congregation of Chinamen, the doctor interpreting sentence by sentence what I said, evidently with marvelous command of the language. The view of the congregation from the pulpit was strange. A boarded partition divided the chapel lengthways; on one side were about a hundred Chinamen, looking thoughtful and devout; on the other side were eleven women. One hardly ever sees a woman in the streets or temples of Canton.

On the Sunday evening there was an interesting and crowded service in the house of Mr. Henry, one of the missionaries. It was a communion service for missionaries and their families, usually held at the home of each missionary in turn once a month. As I preached from John xvi, 33, and administered the communion in the heart of that heathen city, I felt how good and how pleasant it was to see the laborers belonging to the various Churches thus uniting together, from house to house, for the breaking of bread and for prayers.

Canton is a walled city, and you can walk round a distance of eight miles upon the walls. But the best points of view are the pawnshops. There are a hundred of these in the city, and they tower over the roofs of the houses. They are strongly built, and from their flat roofs a fine prospect may be obtained, endless dark-colored roofs interspersed with trees, pagodas here and there, and the White Cloud Mountain in the distance. These pawnshops are more properly places of deposit, where valuables may be stored; and the wealthier classes make use of them when leaving the city for a time. The finest and most extensive view of Canton is obtained from the five-storied pagoda on the north of the city, which stands high, rising from the walls, and is a quaint and picturesque structure. Here, in 1857, English soldiers were encamped, and near is a small plot of ground walled in, where are the graves of those who fell. Behind you, outside the walls, rises the White Cloud Mountain, covered over with Chinese graves

and before you the city lies spread out, and you see what you would never suspect in walking through the streets, wide open spaces of green and thickly planted trees. Beyond is the river, with its forests of masts and teeming boat-population.

We gave a day to visit the native charities of Canton, which lie for the most part outside the walls on the east. A sampan with its inhabitants (mother and three children) conveyed us down the river, threading its way marvelously through the crowded craft—floating shops and theaters and gardens—and by “the leper city,” the quarter where the lepers live, into a narrow, dirty canal, still crowded and noisy with sampans, on the banks of which we landed; and making our way along a narrow thoroughfare, we reached the Chinese Foundling Hospital. It consists of a quadrangle of low buildings, one story high, with narrow lanes of houses branching from it, each little dwelling occupied by four or five nurses, and twice as many babies. The place presented an aspect by no means clean or healthy. The faces of the little Chinese women looked bright, but the babies wan and the surroundings squalid. They were all female children. Carts go round at night through the streets and many foundlings are picked up. But they are all girls. Woman in China (as in the East generally) is lightly esteemed. She is thought nothing of till she is married; and when married, little of till she becomes a mother; and when a mother, little of till she gives birth to a son. These foundling girls are fed and clothed, and sold at from a shilling upwards, according to age, chiefly to the boatmen on the junks going abroad, who carry on a sort of trade in them between China and the Chinese settlements in different parts of the world. There is abundant work here for some philanthropist. Money is not lacking for the hospital, we were informed, but reform is sadly needed.

Next we visited the Old Man's Home, about half a mile away, where about a thousand old men receive a pittance daily and eke out a narrow subsistence by begging, and of them about two hundred find a sleep-

ing-place—not a bed, but a corner and a mat. A temple stands in the center of the square, and rows of small low houses surround it. Not far from this is the Blind Asylum for Men and Women, consisting of small houses of the same kind, squalid and dirty. Little or nothing seems to be done for the poor inmates, who are dependent for their living upon begging. They go in gangs through the streets in the day and divide the spoil at night. Next we visited the Home of Aged Females, where we found the poor old women very importunate. This place was in rather better condition. There are, we were told, sources of revenue and contributions for all these institutions, chiefly from the salt tax; but the funds hardly reach their destination, and there is much neglect and habitual cruelty. If the missionaries could afford the time, they might find here a large and an important sphere for Christian philanthropy. Why should not the merchants of the Shameen undertake it? Alas! in the Shameen there are many hinderances to the progress of Christianity. A missionary told me that in the early morning Chinese girls by the score may be seen coming out of the Shameen; and a Chinaman once said to him, “Is it Shameen Christianity you would convert us to? If so, we will have none of it.” But there is a well-ordered Chinese hospital which is a credit to Canton. It contains a large hall with consulting tables down either side, and a large English dining-table with stately chairs, where the medical council hold their sittings. This hospital has really sprung out of that of Dr. Kerr, which in turn had its origin in the long and zealous work of Mr. Deacon.

Another day was occupied in visiting the temples. The temple of the God of the North Pole is a dingy building with hideous images, a contrast to the temples of Japan. The temple of Hells or Horrors is a sort of “Madame Tussaud's,” where horrors like Foxe's “Book of Martyrs” are displayed, and the transformations, punishments, and tortures of the Buddhist hell are embodied in figures. The temples of Confucius have no image; where the image usually stands,

his tablet is set up and worshiped. Only in one temple in China is there an image of Confucius. The temple of Five Hundred Worthies contains a huge room with this number of wooden, gilt, life-size images of Chinese Heroes in various attitudes. It is called Ku-ang Houtse, "Resplendent of Filial Duty;" a hundred priests live within its precincts. Here are three large statues of Buddha side by side; also a pagoda and a statue of Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy. The temple of the Five Genii is sumptuous and gaudy, and here are five sacred stones, said to have been five *rascals*, the guardians of the city. In the temple of Longevity the central shrine contains a very corpulent figure, the symbol of longevity. In Honan, across the river, stands a large temple approached by an avenue of banyan trees. Here, again, are three large Buddhas, with a pagoda to the Goddess of Mercy. Here, too, four sacred pigs are carefully fed, and buried when they die. They are presented by devotees, and are supposed to be the abodes of human spirits, who in the next life will bless those who are kind to them. Here also are sacred ducks and geese. Sheep, too, are kept here, but the sheep had disappeared, and candles were burning outside as a homage to the spirits of the sheep. Here, too, is a place of cremation, a small brick tower in a large garden. Most of these temples were empty. Only here and there was a devotee on his knees before a shrine. The old superstitions are evidently losing ground. The Examination Hall covers some acres of ground, and consists of several ranks or streets of small rooms or cells about four feet square inside, each containing two benches, one for table the other for chair, which at night can be joined so as to make a bed. During the days and nights of examination the examiners and the examined must remain here, sleeping as they can; and progressive degrees not unlike our B. A. and M. A. are conferred; the candidate who can bring in most Chinese characters and who writes most grandiloquently being adjudged best. Some thousands of students can be examined here at once.

It is to be lamented that the various

Christian missionaries in China are not yet agreed as to the Chinese word to be employed for "God." Three different terms are at present adopted by three different Churches. The early Protestant missionaries chose the term *Ti* or *Shang-ti*, and this is adopted by the London Mission, and by the British and Foreign Bible Society. But the American Presbyterians and American Board have employed *Shan*, "spirit" or "essence," and stoutly maintain this as the right word; while the Episcopalians and Romanists prefer *Tien-chu*, "Lord of Heaven," and employ it as most suitable. Controversy on this cardinal point is still being waged, and with no little bitterness; and the effect upon the Chinese must seriously retard the progress of Christianity. The verdict of such competent Chinese scholars as Morrison, Medhurst, Dr. Legge, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Eitel, and others of equal eminence, in favor of *Shang-ti* should before now have settled this question. "The question, 'Who is God in China?' says Mr. Johnson, an American writer, "seems to have been at last quite clearly settled in favor of *Shang-ti*." Dr. Chalmers gave us some amusing translations from the American Presbyterian hymn-book as a Chinese would understand it. For example, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," is thus rendered: "The holy influence of the heavenly Pigeon has arrived." And the well-known Doxology runs thus:

"Praise Chu-shan, the source of all happiness;
Praise Chu-shan, which on earth is the myriad life;
Praise Chu-shan, that constitutes the host above;
Praise the Holy Father, the Holy Son, the Holy Intelligence."

Strange notions regarding God and Christianity must be conveyed to the minds of the Chinese by such renderings as these; and it is impossible to tell how much mischief is done by teachers and translators who possess only a slight and superficial knowledge of the language. Men are sent to the field before they have seriously begun the study, and they are called to active work and posts of responsibility before they can half speak the vernacular or even read the written Chinese. These are serious difficulties, with which home directors have to con-

tend. A missionary is removed or laid aside through sickness, and there is no one to fill his place save some half-instructed pupil. Better and wiser would it be to suspend the work altogether for a time, than to commit it to agents who may with the best intentions bring it hopelessly into ridicule. In spite of such drawbacks, however, the prospect for Christianity in China is highly en-

couraging. Political and social changes now taking place tend to its advance. It is a tolerated religion; thoughtful men are accepting it; the common people hear it gladly. And among the hopeful signs for Chinese missions must be named the establishment of a professorship of Chinese at Oxford, the veteran Dr. Legge being first occupant of the chair.

DOWN WENT THE MOUNTAIN.

WHAT was to be done? With no apparent reason to account for it all, every thing seemed to go wrong, that is, much did go wrong, and more threatened to do so. Jaundice and a low fever among the children, that began it; first one sickened, then another, a third followed, and a fourth and fifth brought up the rear. My wife was overdone with nursing, and looked almost as bad as the worst of them.

Of course the house was very uncomfortable; how could it be otherwise? No breakfast to be had in any order before going to the office; no dinner at all inviting on coming home. Was I so selfish as to be discontented with this inevitable state of things? Well, I always replied calmly and pretty kindly to my wife's constant apologies. "Oh, I am so sorry; I quite forgot it." "I'm afraid, my dear, you must do without this, that, and the other." "To day the servants are so busy, and I am so continually in the nursery." Yet I am ashamed to say I grew very sensitive in my temper with the constant friction; for, say what you will, to an orderly mind with regular habits, a home turned topsy-turvy is a trial, especially when hard work all day out of doors makes an enjoyable one almost necessary for the keeping up a working condition. Well, five children in jaundice, with my wife put *hors de combat*, and the servants running loose like horses without reins, made things bad enough; but I actually almost lost sight of this trouble one morning when I read a letter from a friend telling me I was involved

in an awkward affair. I had allowed my name to stand on the committee list of a certain association purely to accommodate him and others, having been assured that it was a mere form, and would involve no risk or responsibility. Now I was told that an unfortunate mistake had given rise to a lawsuit which had failed, and the costs, very heavy indeed, must of course be shared among the members of the committee. He was "very sorry he had ever asked me to be on the list," so he said; I am sure I was. How to meet the expense, if indeed I was liable, I knew not. Here was a long doctor's bill, here was abundant other expense incident to illness; how could I pay nearly half a year's income in addition?

I went to a lawyer about it; he "hoped something might be done,"—so did I, rather I desired it; there is expectation in hope, and of that I had none. I am sure I must have looked as if I had jaundice. I must have been a poor comforter to my wife and her nurslings; I went about in what in plain English might have been called a very bad temper and an angry spirit, but what I styled to myself low spirits and over-tried patience.

Somehow ill-tempered people never get on well; they make mistakes, turn friends into enemies, provoke much discomfort to themselves, and increase the evils they fret about. This was my experience; the clerks under me at the office kicked at my waspishness, and threw additional work on me by neglecting their own whenever and wherever they

could. The worse they were the worse I was, and the worse I was the worse they were. I had serious thoughts of representing them to my superior, not that I had any particular thing to lay hold of, though the whole *en masse* was an intolerable grievance. While I was meditating on this step I received an invitation to the head office to speak with one of the directors. After a little preliminary talk he mentioned that the observation had been made that things did not seem to go on so smoothly and efficiently as they had done and should do in my department; no doubt it was without any blame on my part; still, it had been suggested that some change might be made in the business arrangements, and that, in fact, a change had been some time in contemplation, and that they had serious thoughts of dispensing with my services altogether, and amalgamating certain offices so as to get more done at less expense.

Here was the climax. Although the thing was only in contemplation, and I had a long notice of the possibility only, I looked on it as done. I passed through the rest of my day's business I know not how; I found fault with no one; I forgot there was such a thing as a clerk, or that clerks were, if they did exist, troublesome. I went home; the children were, as usual, half in bed, the rest hardly fit to be up. My wife looked like a melancholy thread-paper; I passed through the nursery with very few words, went into my own room, shut the door, and sat down—to have it out.

Was ever a man so hunted down, so cruelly followed by trial upon trial? I remember having heard of a profane farmer who, after a terribly wet harvest, in which all his grain was spoiled, threw a handful of the blackened, rotted corn on a hedge, "to shame the Almighty," as he wickedly said. Now, although I had been for years a professedly religious man, and had known a little of the sweetness of God's service, had had numberless occasions to praise him for his gracious dealings with me, I freely confess that as I sat moodily in my chair that day, I was little better than this farmer. In my heart I challenged God; I had been his servant;

I had not deserved this at his hands. Would I have put all this into words? No; but it was plain enough in my countenance.

The next day was Sunday, and, more to get out of a region of gloom, which my own gloom so greatly deepened, I went to church. I had not been of late. I had gradually given way to the excuses of "being tired from bad nights;" "being too anxious to allow of an unoccupied mind;" "being willing to share in the work of nursing on the only day I could be at home,"—all of which excuses might have been put under one extinguisher, with "earthly-minded indolence" written on it. My nights certainly had been occasionally interrupted; my mind, of course, had been occupied; but true Sabbath rest and relief would have soothed both mind and body, as I might have known, if I had listened to conscience. As to nursing, I am sorry to say my services were very trifling, and rendered so burdensome by my discontented face and peevish temper, that my wife looked much relieved when I said after breakfast that I meant to go to church.

Did the minister—who was a stranger—see any thing in my air, manner, or expression that let him into my private history? As his sermon advanced, it seemed to me that he was describing my case; as it advanced, I say, for I had gone off into the subject of the loss of my situation during the beginning of it.

"A man," he said, "is plunged into trial, a Christian man. Wave follows wave, and he is confounded; he cries out with Job, 'Show me wherefore thou contendest with me;' he says with Jonah, 'I do well to be angry' over the withered gourd." "Very true," I thought. "No wonder!—I am that man." And very sorry I was for myself.

After a little more of graphic portraiture of this kind, he went on to show how the Christian could stem these waves, and how, if they overbore him, it was his own fault. I found out the text as the sermon went on. It was, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." And I blushed as I listened to another description of myself.

He showed the weak heart that stood well

when no blast of trial came against it, but that fell before temptation. He showed how Paul bore and did all things,—it was not in his own strength, but through Christ. On he went (telling my story), how this poor weak heart, having never sought for help, became a rebel, and accused his God of denying it to him; how, having never taken his afflictions believingly to him, he was angry, and declared himself cruelly dealt with, in that they were not removed. I allowed conscience to cry, "Guilty, guilty," without checking it, as I had often done of late. Had I taken my griefs to God, and looked for strength from Christ to be able to bear them, if his will was not to remove them? Not I! Conscience, having liberty, stood boldly up and helped the preacher. "You have neglected the means of grace, prayer, your Bible, family worship, God's sanctuary, and the table of the Lord. The least excuse has prevailed with you to keep away from God, and the more you kept from him, the louder you have cried that he kept from you!" I was much confounded. I threw down my arms—I saw the truth—I abhorred myself. I was now in a state to receive the comfort that followed. Paul's experience was shown and promised to every—the humblest Christian. "Not one there," said the preacher, "but might do all things, however painful or difficult, through Christ. Trial might be heaped on trial, till a mountain rose that hid heaven and hope from sight. Never mind, the Christian might cry, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain!'"

Down went my mountain! Of course the

trials remained; but I had the secret of bearing them. How was it that I had been such a traitor to myself, such a rebel against a gracious God?

"Had a good sermon, my dear?" my wife asked, looking with some surprise at my animated face when I returned home. I said yes, and inquired if she felt able to come down to family prayer that night. She assented, remarking she was glad we were going to recommence it; for nothing seemed to go well when it was neglected.

The next morning, having prayed over the promises of God, I went to my office with a light heart and a calm face.

The clerks, before the morning was over, saw that I was much more agreeable and easy to deal with, and became tractable and obliging in consequence. So far, so good—that part of the mountain had fallen. I called on my friend, the lawyer, about my liability. "Well," he cried, cheerfully, "you may safely resist the claim. I have looked thoroughly into it, and they have not the remotest right of demand upon you." Down went that part of the mountain. To sum up, my wife and my children, whom I hid believingly, though with imperfect faith, in the Lord's hands, got well in time; the house was restored to order and comfort; and although I had to pinch to meet the year's expenses, I did meet them, and I never heard any more of the change which was to cost me my place. Two months from the day when I cried out, "What is to be done?" there was nothing to do but to praise Zerubbabel, before whom my great mountain had fallen.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

WHEN, pressed with guilt and anxious fear,
I trembling bow the knee;
I know that God my prayer will hear,
For Jesus died for me.

When gloomy darkness shrouds my soul,
And I no light can see,
I'll cry, though loudest thunders roll,
My Savior died for me.

When death's dark vale I'm drawing near,
And earthly comforts flee,
This only thought my soul shall cheer—
My Savior died for me.

And when I reach the blissful shore,
From sin and sorrow free,
Blood-washed, I'll sing for evermore,
My Savior died for me.

QUETZALCOATL, THE MEXICAN RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

HOMER says: "As young birds ope their mouths for food, all men crave for the gods." The race without religious ideas has not been discovered. A most interesting study it is, to follow the progress of the mind of an infant race in its early struggles with the great problems of creation, God, immortality, and human destiny. The religion of the American Indians should receive more attention at the hands of their conquerors than has yet been accorded to it. It is their attempt to find out the "unknown God," the unaided struggles to apprehend the infinite, the expression of their "craving for the gods."

Much connected with their worship is to us absurd, silly, or revolting; but we are to remember to judge them charitably. Their religion, bad as it was, was better than no religion at all, just as the worst possible government is better than no government. Many gods and many spirits were worshiped or venerated or feared or frightened or punished or bribed by the Indians, yet we have at least two instances on the continent where the worship of one immaterial God was formally instituted—among the Quichuas of Peru, and the Nahuas of Tezcuco. About the year A. D. 1440, at a grand religious council, held at Cuzco to consecrate the Temple of the Sun, in an address to the assembly, the Inca Yupanqui proclaimed his belief in one God, and a temple was erected by the sea near Callao, wherein he was worshiped without image or human sacrifice. About the same time Nezahualcoyotl, lord of Tezcuco, exclaimed, "Verily, these gods that I am adoring, what are they but idols of stone without speech or feeling? They could not have made the beauty of the heaven, the sun, the moon and the stars which adorn it, and which light the earth, with the countless streams, its fountains and waters, its trees and plants and its various inhabitants. There must be some God, invisible and unknown, who is the universal creator. He alone can console

me in my affliction and take away my sorrow." He erected a temple nine stories high to represent the nine heavens, and in this temple without image or human sacrifice, the "Unknown God, the Cause of Causes," was worshiped.

Ancient America as well as other lands had its heroes, its sages, its reformers, whose names are worthy of being enshrined in history. Culture-heroes in America have the same general appearance and character, white, bearded, clad in long robes, teaching useful and ornamental arts, giving laws, teaching a higher virtue and purer religion, appearing suddenly, disappearing suddenly; such were Quetzalcoatl in Cholula, Votan in Chiapas, Wixepococha in Onjaca, Zamná and Cuculecan in Yucatan, Gucumatz in Guatemala, Viracocha in Peru, Sumé and Paye-tome in Brazil, a mysterious apostle in Chili, and Bochica in Columbia. To the life of Quetzalcoatl, one of these heroes, we devote this paper. We can not hope to be able to sift all the myths connected with his name, we shall not make the attempt. We shall not attempt to reconcile all that has been gathered from ancient records and traditions which would seem to point to at least two Quetzalcoatl (without considering that his high-priests were also called by that name.)

The first mention of this culture-hero would place him in the Olmec period of Mexican history, after the defeat of the giant Quinames. He is represented as venerable, just, and holy, teaching by precept and example the path of virtue. A fuller record connects him or another of the same name, with the Toltic period, and we shall follow his history in this connection.

Quetzalcoatl was adored as the god of Tulla. Here he had a great temple and an image. His adherents were devoted to the mechanical arts and skillful in working the precious metals. Quetzalcoatl had houses made of a precious green stone called chalcinite, others made of beautiful feathers,

others made of silver, others made of turquoises, still others of shells. He was very rich and his people happy. During this golden age a head of maize was as much as a man could carry in his arms, pumpkins measured a fathom round, a wild amaranth was so large people could climb it like trees, cotton grew natural of all colors. Tulla abounded in many birds of rich and variegated plumage; gold, silver, and other precious things existed in greatest abundance; cocoa trees grew of many colors,—it was, indeed, a golden age.

But the fortune of the Toltecs changed upon the arrival of Tezcatlipoca. To him the prayers translated by Sahagun were offered. These prayers are for assistance in famine, in sickness, in war; prayers when a ruler dies, and when a new ruler is chosen; prayers when suffering from a bad ruler; prayers of a new ruler for divine help; prayers for pardon of sin after hearty repentance, confession, and purpose of amendment. In these prayers Tezcatlipoca is addressed as "Mighty, under whose wing we find defense and shelter, invisible and impalpable even as night and the air; valiant and all-powerful lord, protector; most valiant, most kind, compassionate, whose will all things obey, upon whose disposal depends the rule of the world, to whom all is subject, our refuge, and full of mercy; most compassionate and most noble; pitiful, noble, and precious; protector of all, lord of earth, governor of the world and universal master; giver of life, lord of battles; most element, in whose power it is to give all content, consolation, sweetness, softness, prosperity, and riches; our shelter, emperor of all, all-knowing, most munificent, the protector and favorer of all that turn to him, that art present in every place, that knowest all thoughts, that distributest all gifts."

The sorceries practiced by Tezcatlipoca to injure Quetzalcoatl and his people are strangely inconsistent with this high character. He gave Quetzalcoatl a drink which created in him an all-powerful longing for his early home, Tlapallan. He burns his houses, buries his precious things in mountains and ravines, turns the cocoa-nut trees

into mizquitl trees, banishes the birds of beautiful plumage to Anáhuac, one hundred leagues distant, and leaves Tulla. His people are ruined by further sorceries of Tezcatlipoca. Quetzalcoatl reaches Quauhtitlan and Verequauhtitlan. Flute-players play before him. Weary, he sits upon a stone to rest. Looking back towards Tulla he weeps. His tears eat into the stone, the print of his body and hands is left there when he rises. He calls the place Temacpalco, "in the palm of the hand." He passes on. He reaches a great river. At his command a stone bridge is thrown across it. He crosses. He calls the place Tepanonyá. He passes on. Sorcerers oppose his progress in vain, though they despoil him of all the mechanical arts. He casts his jewels into a fountain which he calls Cohcansa, "the waters of the strings or chains of jewels." Another sorcerer meets him and persuades him to drink a powerful wine. He sleeps, and awakes and calls the place Cochtoca. His servants freeze to death in the mountains. He mourns and weeps, but continues his journey. On, on, past mountains, cities, and peoples, performing many wonders, naming all the forests, mountains, and places—ever onward he journeys till he reaches the sea-shore. Here he commands a raft to be made of snakes called coatlpechtli, upon which he seats himself, and, putting to sea, reaches, no man can tell how, his destination, Tlapallan.

This is the account of Sahagun. Torquemada says that he remained in Cholula, where he was received and afterward adored as a god twenty years. At the end of that period he was expelled by his old enemy Tezcatlipoca. Setting out for the kingdom of Tlapallan, he was accompanied by four noble youths. He reached the sea-coast in Goatzacoalco south of Vera Cruz, one hundred and fifty leagues from Cholula. Upon his departure he predicted calamities upon the nation, but promised his disciples to return to them by way of the sea where the sun rises, and to bring with him white men as his brothers to rule the land. His prediction was fulfilled, for only a few days after his departure the great pyramid at Cholula

was destroyed by an earthquake. On the ruins of this pyramid was built a temple, in which he was worshiped as a god.

The four youths returned and related what the master said. They and their descendants, subordinate to a central power, ruled the province, having divided it into four principalities, till the Spaniards came. Temples were every-where erected to his honor in Cholula. Even his enemies thus did him honor. While he reigned at Cholula he sent colonies to Huaxayacac, Tabasco, and Campeche. When Cortez was first beheld by the natives they sacrificed to him, believing him to be the returned Quetzalcoatl; when they became practically acquainted with the Spaniards, they learned their mistake.

Quetzalcoatl is represented in traditional story—though his statues would not confirm this description—as a white man, with long black hair, a full beard, large of stature, broad-browed, with large eyes, clad in a long white robe, of a beautiful and attractive countenance. He was chaste, temperate, deeply religious, mild, a lover of peace, an enemy of human sacrifice. He taught the people agriculture and the mechanical arts. He formed the calendar. He brought wealth and happiness to his people.

His white robe was decorated with crosses. He wore a miter on his head, and carried a sickle in his hand. He practiced long and severe penances. He offered to the gods fruit and flowers only. His father-land was Tlapallan, to which he returned. The Spaniards sometimes identified him with the Apostle St. Thomas. Prescott, Wuttke, and others believe that there was a man Quetzalcoatl, who was the founder of a religion and a civilization. J. G. Müller holds that he is "the enuimerized ideal of the Toltecan nations." By this interpretation the more ancient and younger elements of the tale are harmonized or explained. For example, that he taught the people agriculture, and again, the earth produced spontaneously; that his image was in countenance of a gloomy east, and yet the picture of himself cheerful and beautiful; that he was a lover of peace, but at a time when the Toltecs had lost their ancient martial spirit. In

these respects may be discovered the later idealized elements. In other respects the peculiarities of the nation are to be traced in their hero, or the attributes of the nature deity are in him recognizable.

The Toltec capitals were Tulla and Cholula. Their sway extended far and wide. They were celebrated for their arts, riches, religious principles, and later, peacefulness. The Toltecs wore long robes like Quetzalcoatl. He was high-priest of a religious order, the members of which wore a miter. The high-priest of this order always bore the name of its ideal founder, and was almost equal in rank with the Mexicatl-Teohuatzin, supreme pontiff, but far inferior in political influence. Quetzalcoatl preached against human sacrifices; and even in later times, when the law compelled it, his priests were very reluctant to perform them. As a substitute for human sacrifice, blood was drawn from the body by maguey thorns. The Toltecs disappeared toward the south and south-east; and when their last king, Tlohpintzin, was defeated and fled toward the south, he promised to return and avenge himself upon his enemies. We see here Toltec history reflected in this national hero.

Quetzalcoatl had his original in a nature-deity. The several steps from the forces of nature to a national hero are, forces of nature, forces of nature personified, or nature-deity, national god, national king, high-priest, founder of civilization and religion, national hero. The human form of Quetzalcoatl is derived. Originally he was the force of the air and wind, then the god of the air and the wind, and hence the god of fertility and providence.

The image of Quetzalcoatl had the body of a man, and the head of a bird. This bird was a sparrow with a red bill, a large comb, and with the tongue hanging far out of the mouth. This was the embodiment of the early conception of this god in the symbols of his nature and character. The bird among Indian nations, and, indeed, among other nations as well, was a symbol of the god of the air. The Mexican hieroglyphic sign for the air is the head of a bird with three tongues. "Like the wind, the bird

swoops through the aerial spaces, sings in the forests, and rustles on its course; like the cloud, it floats in mid-air, and casts its shadow on the earth; like the lightning, it darts from heaven to earth to strike its unsuspecting prey." It was an appropriate symbol. The thunder was frequently explained as the flapping of its wings, and the lightning as fire from its tracks. In Peru and Mexico, as in Rome, were colleges of augurs, who divined by watching the flight of birds and interpreting their songs. Egyptian gods are frequently represented with the heads of birds. The Latin *picus* was originally a bird—the wood-pecker. The Algonquins, Navajos, Athapascans, and other tribes, connected birds with air, wind, and storm. The Creeks, Natchez, Arkansas, Zuffis, and Californians revered the great American eagle. The owl was held sacred to the lord of the dead by the Aztecs, Quiches, Mayas, Peruvians, Araucanians, and Algonquins. The word *quetzal*, the first part of the name Quetzalcoatl, means some kind of bird—Dr. Brinton thinks a species of the parrot.

Quetzalcoatl is also represented as a snake-god. *Coatl* means a snake. The whole name, according to the usual explanation, means "the feathered snake." His name in Yucatan is Cuculcan, "a snake covered with god-like feathers." The entrance to his temple in Mexico was the jaw and fangs of a great snake. He disappeared in Goatzacoalco—"snake corner"—on a raft of snakes, and his followers in Yucatan were called *Cocomes* (plural of *coatl*), "snakes." This snake attribute represents the yearly renewal of nature when she throws off her old garment and robes herself anew. The snake symbolizes also wisdom and the healing art. The snake in its sinuous and mysterious motions symbolizes lightning, and is connected with the descent of fire from heaven. It is also connected with the thunder bolt, which scatters fire among the flints, from which it can be drawn for the use of man. The flint is the symbol and hieroglyphic sign for the air. Quetzalcoatl is sometimes represented by a stone supposed to have fallen from heaven, perhaps an aerolite.

As god of the air, Quetzalcoatl holds a shield in his hand, symbolizing his power over the winds, and a sickle symbolizing the harvest. His mantle is adorned with crosses, symbolizing the rain-god—originally the four cardinal points and the four winds which bring the rain. The cross was suspended "as an emblem in the temple of Popoyan and Cundinamarca. It was the central object in the great temple of Cozumel, and is seen in the bas-reliefs of the ruins of Palenque. It was worshiped by Toltecs and Aztecs from remotest antiquity. It never had any other meaning in America, and if, as has been said, the tombs of Mexicans were cruciform, it was perhaps with reference to a resurrection and a future life as portrayed under this symbol, indicating that the buried body would rise by the action of the four spirits of the world, as the buried seed takes on a new existence when watered by the vernal showers."

If Quetzalcoatl be the god of the fertilizing atmosphere, as indicated by his name and various symbols, we can understand how his home, to which he returned, was in the east—the trade-winds, which bring the fertilizing rain, coming from the east. He is also closely related to the sun-god, a connection to which Montezuma referred when he spoke to Cortez concerning the departure of Quetzalcoatl to the place whence the sun comes. We can also understand why Tezcatlipoca was the enemy of Quetzalcoatl, for if this interpretation be correct he must have been the god of drought and death.

Torquemada estimates the number of sacred edifices of Mexican gods at eighty thousand in number, of which Mexico alone contained two thousand. These temples and sacred buildings were served by one million priests and attendants. We need not consider this an exaggerated estimate when we are told that the great temple of Mexico employed five thousand priests and attendants. The expense of supporting this ecclesiastical system must have been enormous. The sacerdotal power was formidable. In all important matters the sovereign consulted the high-priest. The Tlamaxcencayotl order, consecrated to the service of Quetzal-

coatl, was most renowned for sanctity. Its members lived a very austere life. They ate coarse food, and worked hard; they were dressed in black robes; they bathed at midnight, and sang hymns to Quetzalcoatl till nearly morning. Some of them retired to the desert, and there alone prayed and performed severe penances.

The number of human sacrifices to Mexican gods must have been enormous. According to Zamárraya twenty thousand victims were sacrificed every year in the city of Mexico alone, and eighty thousand were sacrificed at one time at the inauguration of the temple of Huitzilopochtli. These figures are undoubtedly greatly exaggerated, yet the number was very great. The victim was generally thrown upon the sacrificial stone on his back, an incision made in the breast with a stone knife by the priest, who tore out the palpitating heart and offered it to the god. The body was thrown down the temple stairs, the head cut off and placed upon a stake, and the body carried away by the one who furnished the victim, who feasted upon it at home. Victims for sacrifices were prisoners taken in war, slaves, purchased victims, and those who voluntarily offered themselves. Quetzalcoatl preached boldly against this horrid system, and was said to have stopped his ears when it was only so much as mentioned, but could only temporarily stay its course. No wonder that the people looked longingly for his return. He would again bring prosperity, peace, and happiness. The Totonacs and other nations also looked for one to come who would bring a gentler religion.

The disciples of Quetzalcoatl preached his doctrines among many people. It is believed that some went to Oajaca and founded his worship in several places. The Maya god, Votan, has much in common with Quetzalcoatl. The following story, warped by the Christian fathers, must refer to the myth of Quetzalcoatl:

"In very remote times, about the era of the apostles, according to the padres, an old white man, with long hair and beard, appeared suddenly at Huatulco, coming from the south-west by sea, and preached to the

natives in their own tongue, but of things beyond their understanding. He lived a strict life, passing the greater part of the night in a kneeling posture, and eating but little. He disappeared shortly after as mysteriously as he had come, but left as a memento of his visit a cross, which he planted with his own hand, and admonished the people to preserve it sacredly, for one day they would be taught its significance. His voice is next heard in Mictlan, inveighing in gentle but firm accents against the pleasures of the world, and enjoining repentance and expiation. . . . But the lot of Wixepcocha, as the Zapotecs call him, was that of most reformers. Persecuted by those whose vice and superstitions he attacked, he was driven from one province to another, and at last took refuge on Mount Cempoaltepec. Even here his pursuers followed him, climbing its craggy sides to lay hands upon the prophet. Just as they reached the summit he vanished like a shadow, leaving only the print of his feet upon the rock." The padres identified him with St. Thomas.

The religion of the Mayas was like that of the Nahuas in its fundamental principles. The chief culture-heroes were Zamna and Cuculcan. We have already identified the latter with Quetzalcoatl. Zamna may be of the same origin. He appeared in Yucatan shortly after the fall of the Quinamean Empire. He gave names to the principal places and points in the country, and was the inventor of the alphabet. Over his grave was built the city Izamal. This city became a noted resort for pilgrims who went to the temple in which Zamna was represented by a hand whose touch would restore them to health. Kinich Kakino also possessed the power of healing. His image was in the same city. He was the "face or eye of the sun," as his name indicates. He is represented in the act of sacrifice, pointing the finger toward a ray from the mid-day sun, as if to draw a spark wherewith to kindle the sacred fire. To this idol the people resorted in times of calamity and sickness, bringing offerings to induce oracular advice.

Cuculcan appeared in Yucatan from the

west at the time Quetzalcoatl disappeared in the province of Gonzacoalco. He was accompanied by nineteen followers. All wore a full beard, long robes, and sandals. Cuicuilcan settled at Chichen Itza, where he enacted laws and reigned ten years. He then left to return to his own country. His worship at one time became quite general throughout Yucatan. He had temples at Mayapan and Chichen. He opposed human sacrifice, but after his departure the bloody rites were again practiced.

In Guatemala we again meet with Quetzalcoatl as Tepan, or more frequently Gucumatz, "feathered snake." He introduced culture in Guatemala. We have also Tohil, or Hurakan (from which we may derive the English hurricane), god of the thunder, the lightning, and the thunder-bolt. His priests address him, "Hail, Beauty of the Day, Hurakan, Heart of Heaven and of Earth! Thou who givest glory, riches, and children!" He gave the people fire by shaking his sandals. He formed a trinity with Avilix and Hacavitz. He had a magnificent temple at Utatlan in which his image sat on a throne set with precious stones.

The Mexicans believed in a state of future rewards and punishments, graded according to the life in this world. The warrior who died in the cause of his country was borne in the arms of Teogomique, wife of Huitzilopochtli, the god of war, to the sun-house, in the eastern part of the heavens, where there are shady groves, luscious fruits, fragrant flowers and happy-hunting parks.

The second place of ha, piness was Tlalocan. This is an earthly paradise, the source of the rivers which water the earth. All fruits and grains grow under a perpetual Summer sky. Here are found children and all who die of diseases incurable or who are killed by lightning.

The third abode of the dead was Mictlan, to which went those who died of ordinary diseases or old age. Of Mictlan there were nine divisions for different classes of the dead. The future state of men seemed to have been fixed more by rank in this world and the manner of their death than by what we call religious character.

A fearful four days' journey was necessary to those who died peaceful deaths. The dead was provided with food, clothing, implements, slaves, idols, and passports. If he was a lord, a chaplain must accompany him. His passports will take him safely by two mountains which threaten to crush him, a big snake and crocodile, eight deserts and eight hills, and a place where stones and knives were hurled against him. He reaches a river. A yellow dog, which was killed by thrusting an arrow down his throat, and burned with him, carries him across the stream. He is now taken before Mictlantecutli, who examines his passports and assigns him his place.

After warriors have served the sun in the sun-house four years, they are transformed into birds of beautiful plumage, which feed on the honey of celestial flowers, or sometimes seek their food on the earth. Tlalocan was perhaps a temporary paradise. Some, at least, say that the diseased after a short time go to Mictlan, and children are allowed a second probation. Mictlan is the most populous place of the dead. The souls in Mictlan after a time enter a state of eternal repose, in which they seem to be but mere shadows of their former selves. Before their final state they can visit their earthly friends, and invisibly partake of the special feasts prepared in honor of their memory.

We have now presented what we consider most important in the life of our national hero.

1. He taught agriculture and the mechanical arts; hence as the Olmec culture-hero, he established his nation in a settled life after their nomadic wanderings. He taught what the Indian has always found it very hard to learn, the dignity of labor.

2. He made laws suited to this new state, and made or perfected the calendar. Some of the educational and benevolent institutions of ancient Mexico may have been largely the result of his teachings.

3. He introduced a milder and a gentler worship, preached against human sacrifices, and reformed the ritual service, which had become almost intolerably burdensome. He undoubtedly made great headway against

the abuses, but the bloody religion was again in the ascendant upon the arrival of the Spaniards.

4. He preached against war and praised the blessings of peace.

5. He taught righteousness, charity, virtue, and purity.

6. In the symbolism of his name he attracted the minds of men to the care, benevolence, love, and providence of God.

7. He prophesied a golden age to come, in which should reign peace, prosperity, and happiness.

8. We need not be startled at the strange symbolism shown in the name and description of Quetzalcoatl. Without suggesting any comparison we may be reconciled in some measure to this symbolism of the bird, the serpent, the sickle, the shield, the cross,

by remembering that in Scripture the dove is a symbol of the Holy Spirit, the serpent lifted up in the wilderness symbolizes God's healing power, the sickle speaks of the harvest and the harvest of death, the shield is the shield of faith, and the cross is sacred in its connection with the death of the world's redeemer.

9. We may recognize also in connection with the religion of the Mexican and other Indian nations many services and ordinances with which we are familiar, as prayer, feasts, confessions, penances, circumcision, baptism, and something like a communion, in which the image of a god is eaten. Undoubtedly many a soul of the native races while feeling after God has happily touched the heart of the All-father, and found it sweet to lean on the Unnamed Infinite Spirit.

STRIVE TO ENTER IN.

IT is not possible to pass through life with even ordinary observation without noticing in men a sad proneness to neglect their souls' welfare. The solemn concerns of religion are urged upon them in vain. By some they are peremptorily dismissed as an unwelcome topic; others contrive plausibly to put them aside for the present; while the great majority with one consent would make excuses, many of them professing to admit the validity of the claims of religion upon them, and to take a deep interest in its advancement; but yet they are careful to avoid any thing like a close or personal or practical application of it to themselves, as may be seen in the chapter containing the text quoted.

The Savior, we read, was going through the towns and villages of Galilee, teaching and journeying towards Jerusalem. One of the many who heard his exhortations to repentance, not being able to refute his doctrine, though wishing to evade the pressure of his argument, proposed a question which, it was thought, would change the current of our Lord's discourse to something less personal, less practical, albeit of a religious turn. "Lord," he says, "are there few that

be saved?" Jesus, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose—instead of noticing the question or entering upon an irrelevant or unprofitable discussion, turned at once, and with new force, to summoning them to the great work which God had given them to do. "Strive," said he, "to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able;" and he adds, "when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without; and to knock at the door, saying Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me."

From this passage we have to notice two things. First, the important duty which the Savior here indicates, and secondly, the spirit in which we must enter upon that duty and the argument by which he enforces it upon all of us.

As to the duty. Jesus speaks of the door or entrance-gate of a house, which is represented as being for a season open, but through which all must pass who would dwell in that house. "Strive," he says, "to enter in

at the strait gate." From this expression we may learn the object to which the duty relates, and the spirit in which it must be performed; all, of course, is spoken in a figure. By the door or gate we are to understand our entering upon a course of holy living, by which the soul is prepared for the ultimate enjoyment of heaven, so that when religion is presented under the figure of a door or a gate or a way or a sheepfold, it is presented in a manner that beautifully describes its nature and its office.

Without further noticing the figure, you will at once perceive that it is the duty of a man to enter in at the door—that is, to believe in Jesus Christ, and so enter upon a life of true religion, genuine piety, holy living. These are the only terms upon which we can hope to enjoy the favor of God here, or be made meet for the happiness of another world. Grace alone it is that can control our passions, sanctify our pursuits, transform us from unbelief to faith, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and at last crown us with the enduring felicities of heaven.

You will observe that, while the door is represented as being for a season open, it is also spoken of as being strait or narrow, to signify to us that there are at the outset, as well as throughout the whole course of the Christian's life, serious difficulties to obstruct our progress. There may seem here something contradictory. We are used to speak of the pleasures of religion, and we do know that religion is associated with delights which it is impossible for us, even in imagination, to conceive of; while, at the same time, we know that we can only be partakers of the grace of Christ, and of the household of God, in connection with much endurance, self-denial, sacrifice. It is well that we rightly understand this, so that there may be that careful counting of the cost without which no profession can be rightly entered upon or consistently maintained. Hence it is that our Lord employs the terms now being considered: "Strive," said he, "to enter in at the strait gate;" and again, "Whosoever does not bear his cross, and come after me,

he can not be my disciple." When he uses such language as this, he does it to remind us of the difficulties which are invariably found in the way in which Christ's followers are called to tread.

There are, for instance, hinderances by reason of our natural corruption—the depravity of our hearts by reason of our fallen nature. There are the hinderances raised up by the world around us—its allurements and its pleasures on the one hand, its frowns and discouragements on the other, besides those that proceed from the great adversary. These are they that help to make the gate strait and the way narrow; and it behooves us to consider them well, in all their dimensions and in all their intensity, ever bearing it in mind that only as we strive against them, and triumph over them, shall we ever enter into the kingdom of heaven.

You have thus seen what is the Christian's duty, as well as the object to which that duty relates. We have also to consider the spirit in which it is to be performed. The duty, as has been said, is the entering in at the strait gate—entering in at a door which is open—that is, entering heartily upon a life of faith, which is now possible, but to the doing of which there are many hinderances. Against these, however, we must contend. The door of the Master's house must be passed through if we would be safe and happy at last. We must strive to enter in, resolved that nothing shall keep us out.

Now, with regard to the word strive. I would observe that it denotes a struggle of the most determined kind. Agonize is the word in the original. It implies that the difficulties of the spiritual life, especially at the outset, are as so many antagonists with whom we have to contend—with whom we must struggle even to the death if we would be happy at last. So that the passage must be considered as urging us to make an interest in Christ the business of life; "laboring," as the apostle has it, "to enter into rest," working out our own salvation, never ceasing in the strife till we shall have obtained glory, honor, and immortality.

TRADITIONS OF THE CROSS.

TREES and woods have twice saved the whole world; first, by the ark, then by the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree in paradise by that which was born on the tree in Golgotha.—EVELYN.

A PART from the mystic import of the immortal tree on which our Savior suffered on Calvary, there are many curious speculations and legends concerning the history and nature of the wood of which it was formed.

An ancient legend referred to in the Gospel of Nicodemus, Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant, Didron's Iconography, and many other works, carries the history of the cross back as far as the time of Adam. The substance of it is as follows:

Adam, one day, fell sick, and sent his son Seth to the Garden of Eden to ask the guardian angel for some drops of the oil of mercy, distilled from the tree of life. The angel replied that none could have that till five thousand years had passed, but gave him a slip of the tree, which was afterwards planted on Adam's grave and grew into a beautiful tree with three branches. Some accounts differ, and say that the angel gave Seth three seeds, which he planted under Adam's tongue, from which they grew into the cypress, cedar, and pine. These were subsequently carried away by Moses, who cut his rod from them, and King David transplanted them near a fountain at Jerusalem, where they grew into one magnificent tree. Under its umbrageous shade he composed his Psalms and lamented his sins. His son Solomon afterwards cut it down for a pillar in his temple, but no one was able to fix it there. Some say it was preserved in the temple, while others aver, with equal probability, that it formed a bridge across a marsh which the Queen of Sheba refused to pass, being deterred by a vision of its future burden. It was afterwards buried in the pool of Bethsaida, thereby accounting for the healing properties possessed by its waters. At the Passion it floated, and was taken for the cross, or, as some say, for the upright beam. Henry Maundrell speaks of a Greek convent, about half an hour's dis-

tance from Jerusalem, where they showed him a hole in the ground under the high altar, where the stump of the tree stood. The veracious Sir John de Maundeville also says that the spot where the tree grew at Jerusalem was pointed out to him; the wood, he states, formed a bridge over the brook Cedron.

From Anselm, Aquinas, and others, we learn that the upright beam was made of the "immortal cedar," the cross beam of cypress, the piece on which the inscription was written of olive, and the piece for the feet of palm, hence the line:

Ligna crucis palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.

Sir John de Maundeville's account of the legend differs from this. He says the piece athwart was made of "victorious palm," the tablet of "peaceful olive," the trunk, of the tree of which Adam had eaten, and the stock of cedar. Some versions say that it was made of fir, pine, and box, others of cypress, cedar, pine, and box; one names cedar for the support of the feet, cypress for the body, palm for the hands, and olive for the title. Southey, in his "Commonplace Book and Omniana," says that the four kinds of wood were symbolical of the four quarters of the globe or all mankind. Some affirm that the cross was made entirely of the stately oak. Chaucer, speaking of the Blessed Virgin, says:

Benigne braunchlet of the pine tree.

The legend of the Invention of the Cross, as it is called, refers to its supposed discovery by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, in Eusebius, A. D. 326. This "invention" was commemorated on the third of May (though many different dates and festivals have been observed in its honor), and is related by Rufinus, Socrates, Theodoret, Nicephorus, Gretschel, Hospinian, Durandus, and Sozomen; it was also sup-

ported by Cyril, of Jerusalem, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Tillemont, and Jortin. Helena was visiting Jerusalem at the age of seventy-nine, and there found three crosses buried and the title of Pilate lying by itself. The true cross was only discovered by its healing properties on being touched, the test being applied by Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem. A church was erected over the spot where the crosses were found, and most of the true cross was deposited inside, Helena taking the remainder to Byzantium. From thence she sent a portion to Rome by Constantine, who placed it in the Church of Santa Croce Gerusalemme, built expressly for the purpose. From this time festivals were established and pilgrimages undertaken, while fragments of the cross were sold at high prices. It was soon found that the supply was not equal to the demand, and the wily priests, to meet the exigency and account for the superabundance of the relic ("sufficient to build a fleet," say some writers), announced to the multitude that it no longer healed but self-multiplied. During the episcopate of Cyril, A. D. 350-386, this was shown and honored as the true cross at Jerusalem. After the capture of Jerusalem by the Persians, in A. D. 614, the remains of the cross were taken by Chosroes the Second to his capital. They were, however, recovered by Heraclius in A. D. 628, and taken back to Jerusalem. This event was commemorated by the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross, held on the 14th of September, which was also called Holy Rood Day, or Holy Cross Day, according to Brand. In A. D. 637, Jerusalem was again conquered by the Saracens, and nothing has since been heard of the cross which had been left there. The piece of wood with the title inscribed, found by Helena, with traces of Hebrew and Roman letters, was sent by Constantine to Rome, and is said to be still preserved there—the story being that it was found in a leaden chest belonging to Constantine, which was attested by a bull of Pope Alexander the Third. In the thirteenth century what remained of the portion taken by Helena to Constantinople was removed during the reign of St. Louis to Paris, and is

said to be still preserved in the Sainte Chapelle. Sergius the First is said to have placed a portion of the cross in a silver box in St. Peter's Cathedral, about A. D. 690. A supposed relic of the true cross was preserved in the Tower of London as late as the reign of James the First.

Such is the history of the invention or discovery of the cross, which had once so many upholders and believers. The superstitions with which we have now to deal are connected with the species of tree of which the cross was thought to have been composed. The general belief is that it was made of the elder tree; therefore, although fuel may be scarce and these sticks plentiful, the poor superstitious people will not burn them. In Scotland, according to a writer in the *Dublin Magazine*, it is called the bour-tree, and the following rhyme is indicative of their beliefs:

Bour-tree, bour-tree, crooked rung,
Never straight and never strong,
Ever bush and never tree,
Since our Lord was nailed on thee.

In "Chambers's Book of Days" is an instance of the belief that a person is perfectly safe under the shelter of an elder-tree during a thunder storm, as the lightning never strikes the tree of which the cross was made. Experience has taught us that this is a fallacy, although many curious exceptional instances are recorded. James Napier, in his "Folk-lore" of the Northern Counties of England, tells us of a peculiar custom. The elder is planted in the form of a cross upon a newly-made grave, and if it blooms they take it as a sure sign that the soul of the dead person is happy. Dyer, in his English "Folk-lore," says that the most common belief in England is that the cross was made of the aspen (*Populus tremula*), the leaves having trembled ever since at the recollection of their guilt. Another legend is that all the trees shivered at the Crucifixion except the aspen, which has been doomed to quiver ever since. An extract from Mrs. Hemans's Wood Walk and Hymn is worthy of quotation here as beautifully illustrating the first idea:

FATHER. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

CHILD. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches?

FATHER. Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves.
The cross he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,
Was formed of aspen wood; and since that hour
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
The light lines from the shining gossamer.

In Ulster the aspen is called "quiggen-epay"—that is, "quaking aspen." In support of these beliefs the aspen still flourishes near Jerusalem. In the west of England there is a tradition that the cross was formed of the mistletoe, which before that event used to be a fine forest tree, but has since been doomed to lead a parasitical existence. The gypsies believe that it was made of the ash tree. The nails used at the Crucifixion, said to have been found by Helena, are reported to have worked many miracles. One of them was thrown by her into the Adriatic during a storm, and produced a perfect calm. Another placed in the crown or helm of

Constantine was found in a mutilated state in the Church of Santa Croce. The third is said to be in the possession of the Duomo of Milan, while that of Treves claims the fourth. In the time of Charlemagne a new relic was discovered in the shape of a sponge soaked in the blood of Christ. In Cheshire the *Arum maculatum* is called "Gethsemane," because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross, and to have received some drops of blood on its petals.

The dirpe of Mamre died at the Crucifixion! "Christ's Thorn" is a very common plant in Palestine. We must mention just one more superstition in connection with our Lord's agony, and then we must close the chapter. In Scotland it was formerly believed that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods with which Christ was scourged were made from it.

These are the popular ideas of the material of the cross, some of which will, perhaps, never be entirely obliterated until the last great day, when "all things shall be made plain."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF LANGUAGE.

WORDS AND PHRASES.

IN a late paper we referred to certain current errors of literal or letter pronunciation—current alike among the illiterate and the educated. We come now to the mispronunciation, misuse, and abuse of words and phrases. None of us care to speak with the stilted correctness of an Admirable Crichton nor with the formal propriety of the grown persons in "Moral Tales for Youth," and other juvenile works of half a century ago. Yet when we read the conversations of Thackeray or Hawthorne in pure, flawless, exquisitely simple English—to speak thus appears not only the most delightful, but the easiest of performances. To say truth, it is a difficult art, but when once acquired perhaps the most gratifying one that human beings can attain to.

Lowell, in his Introductory Essay to the

"Biglow Papers" (1869), affirms the dignity of dialects and *patois*, and traces many so-called corruptions to high sources in literature. Such citations are untrustworthy, for authors like other people are careless of their expressions; and purity of language in books is proportionately as rare as in audible speech. With much concession philologically to what Mr. Lowell claims, it is yet true that educated persons should endeavor to acquire the purest speech of their times; they should seek for the highest development in this as in any other art. In the effort to speak correctly we are met in the outset by the article a or an. The former is used before the initial u, because it is pronounced as if preceded by y—a (y)universal, a (y)union. But we say an humble, an honest, an honorable person, in deference to our

English kinsfolk, who are never entirely correct in their use or nonuse of *h's*. We have known Englishmen of admirable speech in other respects who invariably said "at 'ome." Among nouns, "thing" suffers all manner of misuse, poor thing! being one of certain repetitions wherewith persons willfully limit their vocabulary. Keeping in sight its primary significance to be heavy, ponderous, we perceive that it denotes a concrete object, one that belongs to the material realm, visible, tangible, palpable, but inanimate. No realm, however, is too remote to exclude this word, as commonly used. And what does not the feminine mind comprehend in this vast, embracing term? Women put on their things to go shopping to buy things. Their trunks are full of things; they have so many things to do; not only this, but they accuse persons of saying things about them, and of doing disagreeable things. Things are happening; things are not now what they once were. We could fill pages with these "things," and could give pages also of substitutes for them; such as article, object, occurrence, the specific name of what is alluded to. To use the word in reference to an abstraction, like truth, falsehood, virtue, vice, is inelegant, in view of the many exacter terms that are at hand. In a discourse, for the next thing, say the next step, consideration, principle, reflection, thought; in a word, seek for accuracy and variety of nomenclature.

Body compounded with any, every, some, and no, is also excessively and awkwardly used. The Middle State substitution of person—an Irish expression—is a good one. Has any person been here? No person told me. One, also, is a desirable equivalent. Body, as used for person, refers to certain kinds, as a little, a busy body; but even thus we should be sparing of it, reserving it for its primary significance, as related to human beings, the physical totality. Lady, in certain applications, is objected to, but not always reasonably. Mr. Blank and lady is no vulgarism, but an ancient English expression worthy of retention. Down to the accession of William the Conqueror the royal feminine title was lady. All the regal

wives of the Saxon and Danish kings were ladies, queen or queen not being in vogue before the Conquest, except as a common epithet equivalent to woman. As nearly as can be traced, the word means she who has care of the loaf; hence it is applicable to any woman whose position allows of this function. An Episcopalian preacher affirmed in a sermon that Christ's most faithful friends were ladies. Some of them were such, doubtless. But woman is an older name of dignity, not to be abrogated. Lady still defines a certain social distinction, yet like its counterpart, gentleman, beneath the factitious one the popular mind traces its genuine moral significance. She is no lady, may be truthfully affirmed of many a wealthy landlord-guardian; she is a lady, of many a lowly, manual working woman. In the finest sense, like its counterpart, gentleman, it can be applied but rarely. In such case it describes a woman who thoroughly exemplifies the Golden Rule. The writer with unusual advantages for observing European and American society, has met with precisely three ladies in a period of thirty-five years. They are fortunate who can count more than this number.

Our name Fall for Autumn is an Americanism, but all the better for this. American is the language of the New World. The czar of Russia some years ago ordered certain dispatches to be written in the American tongue, and a diplomatic order from one of our secretaries of state to certain representatives abroad was to the same effect. It is the fall of the leaf that we commemorate by the name; thereby we imitate the beautiful Hebrew nomenclature. The month of flowers, of wine, of fruit; the month of harvest, the bright and the beautiful month. Spring indicates the upspringing of vegetation, Fall its return to earth. Other primitive nations than the Hebrew had a similarly descriptive nomenclature.

The rustic side-hill is properly hill-side. Propitiation is commonly mispronounced; as we give the sound of *sh* to the final syllable, we should give it also to the penultimate; propiciation being unwarranted. As we have elsewhere remarked, the sound of

y after is in such case is much preferable to our ear. The distinction between principal and principle is not always observed. The former is the adjective, also a synonym for chief, head, chief actor in a crime; the name of whatever is of first importance, as the superior officer over a school; a certain organ-stop controlling the others. Principle is a noun only, and refers to fundamental truth, a source of origin; as the principle of vitality, also a chemical term; narcotine is the principle of tea. It is the word used for abstractions. Principal allied to principality is used for what is material, visible. One term thus fixed can be distinguished from the other. Fletchet, a small, rectangular rent, belongs to a large class of provincialisms that form a separate linguistic study. Many of these have a legitimate place in household every-day parlance.

But *what* is substituted for *but that* by many educated persons. A distinguished preacher known to us uses it thus invariably. The compound *what* means *that which*; hence, "I do not know but what it is" makes nonsense. Any is an adjective used to superfluity. It is not amiss to ask your grocer, have you any cranberries? but the question is equally clear without the indefinite qualification. No is more concise than not any in most negative statements: I have n't any patience with her—no patience, or simply, I have n't patience. The companion adjective, all, suffers still more indiscriminate treatment. As an intensive it may be used occasionally: "All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight," or "In the all-golden afternoon." But in alluding to countless trivial affairs we need no intensive. I'm all tired out; she's all dressed up; it's all out of date. The assertion will be more forcible without the overworn intensive. Very, extremely tired, is more cogent than the above, as also than the dreadful(ly) and awful(ly), so common and forceless in every-day talk. Moreover if you wish an intensive, why not choose from quite, thoroughly, fully, completely, exceedingly, and many others? Any thing rather than monotonous reiterations.

The propriety of "not at all," has been

questioned. We object more to the exclusion of its equivalents—by no means; in no way or manner; far from it, and others. In general, expressions meaningless in themselves, dependent for meaning upon their connection, should be set aside for significant ones. All over, followed by an article and substantive, or substantive alone, should be over all—over all the land. The proper place of this adjective all in a sentence should be regarded. "The high places were all filled by Englishmen" may be varied four times; but all the high places is the most accurate. As a rule the adjective should precede the qualified noun. Only is a contraction of one-like; hence, only four were present is analytically improper. No more than, simply, merely, exclusively, and other equivalents, will occur to those who seek them. Yet in this case one need not be painfully exact. The stars were our only guides. To alter the sentence, We had no other guides than the stars, might be inconvenient—it would assuredly be less terse.

We have all suffered from the colloquialism nice—an English transplant growing rankly in our soil. A general adjective to describe what is agreeable may be desirable, but why ignore the specific ones? For food we have savory, luscious, delicious, piquant, and other words; for persons amiable, vivacious, entertaining, charming, delightful, and a host beside; for the weather, clear, mild, agreeable, and our excellent American fine; for sermons, cogent, forcible, eloquent, and more specific words. Let us not be content with a meager list of adjectives when our language affords them by the thousands. To be sure, pleasant contests the field with nice; but pleasing is often more appropriate, and agreeable more select. Webster gives fourteen synonyms for pleasant, and his distinctions between it and pleasing and agreeable are worthy of attention. Pleasing is the more active of the first two. In using agreeable let us bear in mind the root. Whatever is in accord with our tastes or inclinations, whatever suits, is agreeable. Royal is a good adjective, but often misapplied, as a royal washtub. Rich may be used of food, of tones, and of

thought; but we should not say a rich joke, or a rich sermon, or rich music. It is best reserved for such things as pertain to wealth, drapery, color, furniture, dress, and the like; it should not directly qualify works of literature or art. The adjective first-rate loses none of its force from common usage; that it holds its place therein is due to the New England folk. Grand and noble do suffer from being put to common uses. A grand concert may prove a very ordinary entertainment; a noble person may be somewhat superior to his fellows in one respect, but below them in others. We must use these words reservedly if we wish them to preserve their significance. Splendid means that which shines; splendid flannel, flour, baking-powder, carpet-sweepers, are manifestly incongruous. Sick, in place of ill, is a rather objectionable Americanism. With the English to be sick is to be nauseated. Onion's root makes me sick; that is, nauseates. This is the usual though not invariable meaning. Shakespeare uses the words interchangeably. Ill and illness belong to a refined speech; as he looks ill, he is very ill. But as ill is a modification of evil, the other word has the advantage of greater accuracy, analytically.

Many of our words have acquired a secondary or derived significance; but many others retain their primary one, and this is usually the best one to bear in mind. For example, regular is correctly used only in its original purport of ruled, orderly. When, therefore, a journalist writes of "a regular tempest at present raging in the German political world," he is only remotely correct, for in common acceptation tempests are not regular phenomena. So we are told of regular rows, riots, and fights. Real, genuine, veritable, or some adjective of strong degree is the substitute wanted. Racy is an instance of secondary signification. Derived from race, it has come to mean like, or smacking of, the soil whereon the race lives, as racy vine. Yet in the sense of strongly distinctive the primitive meaning remains evident. Slush and slushy are changed to slosh and sloshy from their relation to slough, but the former is preferable. Fancy

goods, butter, prices, are legitimate, the latter being used by Macaulay, who was not above journalistic tendencies. Objects that gratify a whim, a mere fancy, a price paid for the pleasing of a caprice, may be thus described, as they are matters of fancy; yet, except where the form of speech is established, as in fancy goods, another expression is to be preferred for purity. The noun notions, as applied to a class of goods, is not thus established. Kind conveys a flavor of graciousness, patronage, hence it is not the most appropriate wherewith to characterize the first person. For kind regards one may send earnest, true, sincere, cordial, hearty regards. In connection with the second and third persons, kind is eminently suitable. It is to be regretted that a tender title for the deity, Kind Parent, has become antiquated, perhaps because the custom does not now obtain of speaking with courteous deference of human parents. Fond and blissful are also out of date in prose. Kind of, sort of, limiting an adjective, are vulgarisms, as needs scarce be said; kind o' good, sort o' sour. Rather, somewhat, to some degree, a form of, to appear, and other limitations are waiting to be used in place of these perversions. Familiar, from family, should be restricted to appropriate applications; acquainted, intimate, conversant, to know, to be at home with, and other expressions can be used with a view to etymological accuracy.

Prominent among verbal corruptions are certain forms of auxiliaries; ain't, wan't, are not legitimate contractions, and should be discarded for are n't, was n't, and were n't. Do n't is much abused in public and private. It is not permitted with the third person singular, he do n't see, she do n't come, it do n't appear. What should be used in its place is apparent. Do, and still more done, is inelegantly if not erroneously used to avoid the repetition of a verb: Does he go as often as he has done (gone)? Do may be used as an auxiliary to a verb implied. I dislike it as much as you do (dislike it). Dr. Cunningham Geikie reproduces the pure Saxon modernized in much of his "Life of Christ." Yet, in common with many

other scholars he falls into the inelegance of done. "They never ask him when he comes, whence he has done so." The negro done come, done gone; etc., is a rude attempt to fill up the implied ellipsis of this incorrect form. Won't may serve for colloquial purposes, as a contraction of the obsolete woll, but should be avoided by those who do not care to use obsolete expressions. And no one who respects linguistic properties should utter the New England wun't.

In the Middle States a harrowing misuse prevails of will and shall, and their past tense. It is the blunder of the Frenchman, I will be drowned; no one shall help me—a blunder as regards the using of will for shall, copied from the Irish, with whom it is invariable. Will I get it for yees? Will I go for the doctor? Nothing is clearer in practice than the distinction between these auxiliaries, yet to define it exclusively is extremely difficult: Will is proper where the predicate refers to the volition of the speaker: I will go, I will be good; or to a second or third person, Will you be quiet? Will he never come? Shall where the action of the first person is referred to the will of a second; shall I go for the doctor? or where the will of a second is to be learned, not by way of request, shall you receive him? Will you receive him? is the form of a request. With the first person, shall is an intensive expression of the will: I shall never forgive her; also it designates a future act, without regard to volition; I shall be happy to see you; I shall not be able to attend. With the second and third it refers to the speaker's volition: You shall not go. She shall not stay with my permission. Yet these directions are but partial. Webster's are fuller, but practice alone can indicate the varied discriminations between the two. In no instance are they interchangeable.

Had ought still prevails in common New England parlance to the detriment of the correct form on the part of those who have acquired the latter by education. Among the class of stale repetitions we must place get in its various modifications—a good old English word in its primitive sense, to

acquire. Thus it is mainly used in the Scriptures. But why say invariably, What have you got? when the sentence is well expressed without the final word? Whoever will avoid this tiresome iteration will find that he can do so in forty-nine sentences out of fifty, wherein he may be tempted to use it. He will not say, I got out of the wagon, but I alighted or descended from it; nor, when I got to the depot, but when I reached; . . . nor he got out of patience, but he lost his; . . . and so on *ad infinitum*. Adhere to its primitive signification, and bear in mind that speech is a harp, not of one but of a thousand strings. To be expressive, attractive, it must be varied. Git still remains a common mispronunciation in New England and the remote regions of the country. One of our foremost American scholars is addicted to this corruption, retained from the New Hampshire parlance familiar to him in early life. Another repetition is going. What are you going to do? It is going to clear, and so on. Of course, used in the direct sense of movement this participle is indispensable: I am going home; but why not say shall, will, intend, or some other of the many equivalents, as a fresher expression, now and then, for this secondary sense? It will be as grateful to the ear as some French mode of serving potatoes is to the palate, after one has subsisted on them *as naturel* through a life-time.

The same may be affirmed of make and its modifications: What makes you cry? I made her laugh. In the meaning of create, to form, to fashion, this word is without an absolute synonym. The other meanings are secondary, and therefore should be used sparingly. Why, wherefore, to lead, force, compel, incline—a profusion of more accurate words is to be had for the using. When the object of make is a noun, a double signification presents itself partially and confusingly, as he makes the bird sing. Keep for continue, incessantly, and other expressions, is used with like tendency to monotony. He keeps teasing me, says the child. He keeps a-whistling, says the boy. A fixed employment is properly indicated by this word, which means to retain; thus,

to keep store, school, house, boarders. But let us keep the word for this its primary sense, and cast about for others as we need them, and so preserve some purity of language. Fixed and settled must be included in the same category. The feminine mind puts the first word to unfathomable purposes, as Lowell says the Eastern Yankees put seem: I could n't seem to know him. I do n't seem to understand it. Whenever you find yourself in danger of this preposterous form, stop short and render your sentence intelligible.

To offer violence or battle is a correct phrase. But when we affirm that a dog did not offer to bark, a criminal did not offer to assault us, or to break away when arrested, we present a mixed image to the mind of the hearer; for offer has usually for its object equitable, acceptable acts, or agreeable purposes. He offered resistance, is not amiss; for as indicated, it may be thus used in a general sense, but he offered a blow, has a strange sound, although to offer a kiss for a blow has not, except for rarity. As relates to all such questionable expressions, the rule holds good to select unquestionable ones. Abide for endure, is used by Isaiah, Nahum, Shakespeare, and Milton, yet nowadays chiefly by women. I can not abide her, means apparently, I can not endure her enough to abide for any length of time near or with her. As an obsolete word, it had best be avoided in common parlance. A more questionable feminine perversion is admire, followed by an infinitive: I should admire to go. I admire to see it. The significance of the prefix and root ad-mire, do not permit this use of the verb. We must use like, enjoy, or other equivalent. Inconvenience, as a verb, is awkward; and oblige for compel is a departure from the primary significance of the former, which means in English to lend to another, and to the performance of an action, more often as the result of favor. You are obliged for the service of a friend; but you are not obliged to assault an enemy, unless you have bound yourself to do this. He obliged me to knock him down, is manifestly incorrect. But your own honor may oblige you to de-

fend yourself, for honor, *noblesse oblige*. So if one has loaned you money, you may be unable to meet your obligations in that direction, though in ordinary business transactions you do meet your indebtedness.

Mistrust in the sense of suspect, suppose, is obsolete, and has the disadvantage already referred to, of presenting a confused idea; I mistrusted that the child (new-born) was a girl. To suppose such a case implies a shade of trust that it was so; not a mistrust. We hear people say, I expect he did, I expect it is, who know that the word can only be used of time future. And why should we harp on the word trouble: May I trouble you (put you to the trouble), when the phrase may be modified by effort, exertion, inconvenience, and many other equivalents, or rather of more accurate words, since trouble is too intense for insignificant uses. The Americanism raise, in reference to a family, is not so good as the English rear, this last implying greater lengthiness of task. An American house-raising is no great labor, but to rear a structure in the Old World sense of the word, and to rear children, is protracted labor. To fire a gun, another Americanism, is not objectionable; nor yet the California noun shooter, used, we believe, for pistols; as, a six-shooter. A confusion of ideas attaches to like, in its secondary sense. I liked to have broken my arm. Nay, you liked it not; you narrowly escaped, came near, just avoided it. Likely need not exclude the use of probably, presumably, and other equivalents. Dr. Geikie employs this word invariably in what appears to be a Scottish or provincial limitation: "They had been disciples, likely, from the time—" We may state, in passing, that his second volume is a well-nigh perfect example of pure Saxon style.

A New England provincialism is skinch, for stint, this latter also being written stent. She skinched the cloth; *i. e.*, used it sparingly. Fletchet, already alluded to, belongs with this class of household expressions. Truly do we speak of the mother-tongue. The father-land, tilled and defended by the father, the mother-tongue, learned in the home at

the mother's knee. Look out, means look in a certain direction, and is not a bad colloquialism; for to be correct, fresh, and elegant, we need not cut off the pithy, quaint, or forcible expressions of every-day speech. But take, or have a care, be careful, on your guard, are more accurate. The down-east boy's chuck it in the corner, is a vulgarism truly, but one that Sir Walter Scott did not disdain; and when the same boy tells of a stone sinking, ker-chunk, we have to admit that he is descriptive—an unconscious witness to the onomatopoeic theory. Yet amid this pithy folk-speech, vague, indefinite, incorrect expressions do appear, and here, as elsewhere, should be avoided. She does her own work, means that she herself does her work. He does his own copying; he himself does his copying. The fact that he does it, not the fact that the copying is his own, is the noticeable part of the statement.

What a looking room! exclaims a house-keeper. The primary sense of look is the action of the eyes in beholding. It is seeing an object. Custom permits the appropriation of the verb to its object; it looks pretty. But appears, seems, have the advantage of precision. And in this as in many other instances, we need to get out of the ruts. Under the head of vain repetitions must be classed the use of certain prepositions with certain verbs. In the Anglo-Saxon period, when our language abounded, as the modern German abounds, in these constructions, this coupling was a necessity. At present it is in a large degree a redundancy. We have abandoned ascend up and descend down; but we do not hesitate to say heap up, for heap, dried up, dressed up, healed up, hurry up (hasten), and countless other ups in like connection. Mixed up and mingled up are used by Dean Milman in his histories; and Edward Freeman, with his journalistic style, writes: "He wound up by citing," etc. I got up on to the top of the stage, says one; piling Pelion on Ossa, when he might better have contented himself with: I climbed or ascended to. Take it (down, off) from the rail; his health is broken (down), to bow (down) in prayer, are equivalent to the same phrases with the

parenthetical redundancies, and are more forcible without them. On to is rendered unnecessary by the legitimate upon.

Through, supplementing a verb, need not be incorrect, but belongs to the monotonous repetitions we are treating of. This preposition refers to what has length, breadth, or thickness, actually or figuratively. Hence, to be through with a performance is proper enough. But, are you through, may be immensely varied. Done, completed, finished, at the end, gone through, should have their turn. Why cramp ourselves with nursery linguistic limits, through a life-time? One should choose between through and over. To ride over the land and through the forest is manifestly more correct than the common use of the prepositions: Go across the field and over the bridge. No positive error can be charged to behind one's back; yet as it has the same meaning as before one's back, it presents a confusion of images, and is wanting in accuracy. In his absence, without his cognizance, secretly, and other expressions, are more desirable. The English say different to, but as opposite suggestions are thereby connected, our different from has the advantage. She feels sad; the picture hangs crooked. Some of these adjective substitutes for adverbs still linger in the speech of educated persons, and need to be uprooted. A Western provincialism borrowed from German emigrants, is a peculiar use of the adverb just. I just won't obey her; I just won't mind. In New England the word is excessively used with affirmatives; just taste this; just read that; just go up stairs; just bring me; the last two phrases being examples of the mode wherein a house-mistress addresses her domestic—a concession to the democratic feeling of the "help." In either connection we should be spared its continual iteration; in the former it can be varied with only.

No word is more abused by young people than our innocent little so. Things are so nice; people are so pleasant; how pleasant we are not told—vague expressions, that should be substituted by concise ones. Food may be delicious, dress tasteful, society agreeable, individuals amiable. Why should

our colloquial, even our nursery speech, be like the appointments of a hermitage, where all save the barest necessities are excluded? The German *so! so?* has doubtless much to do with the frequency of our exclamatory, responsive, and interrogatory phrase, is that so? For each time that this expression is used we recommend a subsequent resort to three synonymous terms, successively, as they may be required. Their use will be a relief to both speaker and hearer. Lief becomes *lives*: I would as *lives* go as stay; nor is this excellent old word or its modifications well treated when superseded by *soon*; I'd as soon go, I'd sooner go, etc. If your indifference or your choice is the subject considered, the element of time is of no importance. Had should not precede *lief* or rather. We do not now use the adjective *fur*; yet further, being etymologically correct, is better than farther. Right means straight; hence right straight off is tautology. Straightway, immediately, forthwith, are preferable to either. Now, should not refer to past time, seen in the figure of rhetoric called *vision*. In ordinary narrative then is the proper word. Now is also a tiresome introductory expletive, used colloquially in the Middle States. From now just lay off your things to now do come again, every phrase of the conversation is thus prefaced. Then is also abused, and requires caution in its management. In a spoken narrative it is incessantly occurring. Then says (*said*) he, then says I. Then he took up a stone; then I came away. Incidents naturally follow one another in sequence; hence a narration is as well, or better told, without this adverb *as* with it. Then, too, refers primarily to time, not to sequence. First came the neighbors, then (next) the friends. We have a liking for the adverbs of time and place compounded with prepositions. Whereof, whereby, thereof, etc. Not grammatically correct, they are yet sanctioned by high and ancient usage, and are certainly as legitimate as our common wherefore. They have the advantage of saving us from the relative, which. Whereto we have already attained, writes Paul, more euphoniously than if he had re-

sorted to the impersonal relative. A non-prepositional adverb substituted for a relative pronoun is considered inelegant, as the place where, the hour when.

The indefinite phrases, it is, there is, there are, should be rejected for more concise ones, when the latter can be equally well employed. It is hard to contend with nature; there is an abundance of apples; there are many lakes in this region. To contend with nature; apples are abundant; this region abounds in. Looseness gathers itself into terseness by such preference, excessive repetition is restrained, and freshness of locution acquired. As it were, is much criticised. It is an ellipsis of *as* if it were, and is more to the point with the conjunction retained; but the phrase should interchange with *so* to speak, and others of like import. As midst is but another form of middle, the former used with a personal pronoun, our midst, is ridiculous. An odious corruption practiced outside of New England, is the substitution of *like* for *as*—like you do; a mental not less than verbal perversion, wherein a comparison is merged and jumbled into a subject and predicate. Certain adverbs have become obsolete in prose, except with sophomoric journalists. Ere, erst, whilom, for the nonce, yclept, the preposition *anent*, and the senseless exclamation, heaven save the mark! indicate antiquated or callow, crude writers.

The preposition without obtrudes itself for unless, except, or other words implying alternative. I will not go without (except) you go. He will not drink it without (unless) you put sugar in. The same confusion of thought is evident here that we have detected elsewhere. Without you, without sugar, are mingled with the idea of objective action. This error is common with school teachers and others who think rapidly, and acquire a correspondingly rapid utterance. Else is subject to the same confusion. You can't go else (unless) you're a good girl. I will not sing else (unless, except) you will. Either and neither commonly receive the sound of *e long*; or they may take that of *i long*, especially if the speaker is an Englishman. The Saxon, as also the modern Ger-

man, give the sound of a long; ayther, nayther; the Danish, eder. With a majority of English words containing the diphthong el, the sound is of i long; those containing le, have the sound of e long. But many exceptions may be noted. Among these is leisure, which has the latter sound. A distinction obtains between if and whether; the former implying doubt, the latter alternative. I don't know if (whether) this will suit (or not). I don't know if (whether or not) you will like it. Certain of the English poets use the if thus for the sake of measure, but at a sacrifice of precision. Webster terms if "a transitive verb, commonly called a preposition." His note on it is worthy of attention. It should not be used in the place of whether.

No class of words needs renovating more than our exclamations. The common Law! like the negro Lor! is simply a contraction of Lord; hence as profane as the German Je! Herr Je! Mercy! mercy on us! bless you! bless me! are ejaculatory prayers; hardly suitable, therefore, for other ejaculatory uses. My stars! heavens! reminds us that heaven is God's throne; my soul and body! that these are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that we can not make one hair black or white, nor add a cubit to our stature. The quaint do tell! how you talk! have the advantage of freedom from these suggestions, and of aptness. We remember the astonishment the latter exclamation used to produce upon us when a child. That so proper a person as our grandmother should thus openly reflect upon the statements of her informant was past our comprehending. He who would be elegant of speech will have a number of significant expressions for his various emotions. You surprise me! Is it true, or possible? and others. The boy's Jerusalem! recalls to us that this is the city of the great King; and by George! employs the name of a saint. Caesar, mighty Caesar! is a suitable personage to invoke, and mythological names do very well for students. As is evident, we have made but few suggestions on a subject that admits of wide investigation. If what has been noted will but serve to call the attention of our

readers to their common speech and composition we shall be very glad.

The study of synonyms is of too wide a range for us to do more than suggest its importance. To exercise care in the choice of interchangeable words is essential for elegance of diction. For example, the distinction between hard and difficult is shown in the greater simplicity of the Saxon word. A hard question—one not easily comprehended; hard labor—that taxes the strength. Difficult indicates complexity, as a difficult problem; difficult or intricate work. Notice has the acquired meaning, that may be written or made a note of, in addition to its primary meaning, to know. Observe is to learn by seeing; I notice that you hesitate, I observe that you hesitate, may hence express slight shades of distinction. We mention a few synonyms as they occur to us: Consider, regard, esteem, estimate; Discuss, debate; Exertion, endeavor; Subject, matter, question, thing, topic, affair; Anticipate, forestall, to have presentiment; Assertion, affirmation, asseveration, allegation, proposition, principle, postulate, statement, thesis, and, in some cases, doctrine. The last group indicates the range of choice open to one who will make some effort to become acquainted with his mother tongue. The word dunce has fifty-two synonyms. The unabridged dictionaries furnish many good distinctions; and for further study such compilations as Roget's *Thesaurus*, Crabb's, Graham's, Whately's, Platt's, Soule's, Fenley's, Scherer's, Mackenzie's, and C. J. Smith's collections offer special advantages. The last named compiler's additional work—"Synonyms Discriminated"—is especially valuable, as also the collection of Mrs. Hester Lynch—"Piozzi" (1794)—particularly for familiar conversation. Of a number of these compilations, Marsh gives the preference to Whately's, though this latter is small, numbering not more than four hundred words. All are more or less based on Crabb, whose ignorance of etymology renders his works seriously defective.

It is common to deprecate the employment of foreign words in ordinary speech and writing. Where they are brought for-

ward for display of course they are better dispensed with. But foreign coin is not necessarily base coin, affirms Schlucher, an eminent philologist. No one objects to citations from other languages in works of genuine learning; and why should we not elsewhere discreetly help ourselves to our neighbors' open store? Each of the principal languages has its specially fine words—its vigorous, descriptive, or delicate expressions. Suppose we were to initiate a wholesale excision of Latin words and phrases. We should have to pass over *per cent*, *per annum*, and a host of similar abbreviations. We would not dismiss *E pluribus Unum*, *multum in parvo*, and—well, look over the list of these Latinisms towards the end of your dictionary, and you will find perhaps two hundred brief expressions against which you would mark *retain*. Your eyes will also fall upon longer ones: *de gustibus*, *de mortuis*, *mens sana*, *sic transit*—at least a hundred of these you can not afford to lose. In music, we read *Te Deum*, *Gloria in Excelsis*, *Laus Deo*, our antiphones, the angelus, vespers, and fifty titles besides; in art we can not dispense with *Mater Dolorosa* and *Amabilis*, with *Ecce Homo*, and scores of other epithets; in nature, we must have *Fata Morgana*—mirage, *Ignis Fatuus*. When we use *eureka*, *excelsior*, we know not whether we are using Greek or English; and when we say *dilettante*, or speak of an *allegro*, whether we are speaking English or Italian. *Renaissance*, *résumé*, *tableau*, and certain other words, may be more than half English by this time, but this is because persons have persisted in using them. We also need *catalogue*, *raisonnée*, *vaudeville*, *coup de main*, *l'avenir*, *au revoir*, *naïf*, *nonchalance*, *insouciance*, *protégé*, *soirée*, *matinée*, *prestige*, and a host of their companions. *Gentil* condenses our graceful, gently gay, pleasing, appropriate, into two syllables. What equivalent have we for *savoir faire*, unless it be the Yankee provincialism, "faculty?" *Milieu* means more than its English translations, and we have no equivalent for *modiste*—a maker of modes or fashions, a toilet-maker. Scores of other felicitous but not accurately translated words

or expressions occur to us. The German tongue, being more analogous to our own, does not offer so many temptations to borrow. We do not go to it for delicate, accurate distinctions, but many of its forms are highly descriptive and forcible. *Schlau* is the human development of a fox-like slyness and shrewdness. *Schwüle* describes dog-day weather better than any English adjective. It has the roll of a tropical calm at sea, even as *geschwind* indicates the speed of the gale. *Tendenz* is more inclusive than our tendency; and *gemüthlich* includes amiability, intelligence, culture, refinement.

As a nation, we are composed of multiracial nationalities. It is impossible that the language of the New World shall not be brought from all parts of the globe—Chinese, Siamese, Malay, African dialects—no speech is so remote, scarcely none so dead, that it has not been able to send tribute to our Anglo-Saxon American. If ever the world has a universal language be sure it will be thus heterogeneously composed. It need not be said that foreign expressions should be used discreetly; all language should be thus used—as the artist uses his brush, the composer his instrument, for the finest ends, the transmission of our best endeavors. To be simple, accurate, elegant of speech is a difficult art, because language is so vast. But to aim for these qualities is a religious duty, for language is the gift of God. Of its acquisition and employment we are to render account, even to every idle word. Therefore, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

The literature of the subject is as extensive as it is fascinating. The best spelling-book is the old New England one of Webster, hardly now to be found in print, but never equaled by any of its countless successors. For learners, however, we prefer M'Elligott's "Manual," published in New York upwards of twenty years ago. In this compilation the prefixes, roots, and suffixes are separately defined, and separately and conjointly tabulated. The words are thus learned etymologically, and insight is ob-

tained of the structure of the language. The spelling *furor* added no improvement that we know of to this admirable text-book. The unabridged dictionaries, notwithstanding their numerous defects, are yet standard authorities, and deserve all the attention we can pay them. They are less to be trusted in the direction of pronunciation than in any other. Wedgewood's "Etymological Dictionary," and other compilations of like character, are interesting and valuable. Jenkins's "Handy Volume" is a useful little companion to the writing-desk; and young persons will like Swinton's "Rambles Among Words," a lively and not voluminous book. Alford's "Queen's English" contains some useful directions, as does also Moon's "Reply,"—the "Dean's English." "Good English," by Edward S. Gould, is a well-condensed treatise. Lowell's "Essay," already mentioned, Bartlett's and Schele de Vere's "Americanisms," are entertaining. It is proper to state that the matter of these present papers is derived entirely from the writer's personal experience and annotations. Hence what is not new in them would be differently presented, in all probability, in these works cited.

In the advanced region of philology the literature is rich and wide. Some higher study of language is as old as Aristotle's "Rhetoric and Poetry," these, we believe, being somewhat older even than the first

Greek grammar. Quintilian and P. Rutilius Lupus wrote respectively Latin works on the "Institutes of Oratory," and "On Figures." One of the earliest of English works on language is a curious treatise dating back into 1600—"Restitutions of Decayed Intelligence"—an advance guard in the linguistic march of intellect. For philology had its precursor not less than chemistry and astronomy. Its actual beginning was opened by the German Bopp, whose "Comparative Grammar," the foundation of all the later philological researches, appeared in 1833. Contemporary with him we find the brothers Grimm, Pott, Stimthal, Heyse, and a dozen other great lights. Among the French are E. Arnould, Pictet, Rénan, C. Lenormant. In English, Bunsen, Max Müller, Farrar, Trench—the three works of this latter, excellent for general readers—Bentham, Horne Tooke ("Divisions of Purley"), too old to be authoritative, but instructive and interesting nevertheless. In America, Whitney, B. W. Dwight, George P. Marsh, Schele de Vere, and others—the first three equal in rank to any European savants. A thorough survey of this realm would include many authors whom we have not named. But if speech is silver, silence is golden. We shall be sorry to weary the reader in the outset of the course we have indicated, and, therefore, leave him with our greeting, *Salve et Vale!*

"EVELINA" AND ITS AUTHOR.

ONE of the earliest and most pleasant of my childish memories is connected with the names "Evelina," and Frances Burney. As often as I see or hear those names a beautiful picture is brought vividly before me—a picture that no word-painting can give to the eye of another, yet so charming in all its details that I wish the world could have it on canvas as I have it in memory. In "the old Kentucky home, far away," there lived a woman possessed of every womanly virtue, with intellect and energy so superior

to her day and generation that from homes all over the South and West young girls of the fairest and best type were brought with confidence and given without a fear or misgiving into the hands and heart of that magnificent mother-teacher for years of instruction. Oft and again some frail bud of promise, whose blooming could not be insured under the burning suns of Louisiana or Florida, here grew into lovely womanhood, having developed through that fostering care the best qualities of mind and

heart, returning after four, six, or even eight years of pupillage to make home better as well as happier.

The picture I recall is of a Kentucky mid-summer afternoon, a spacious yard, cool and shadowy, enclosed on three sides by pleasant school rooms, a covered porch and a group of joyous young girls—merry, laughter-loving girls, enjoying all the unrestrained freedom of a happy home. Just now the bell has called them together, and while awaiting the coming of Mrs. Tevis to understand the summons, they have no fear of reproof; no, no, only some curiosity to know what pleasant thing the dear madame has in reserve for them. The early morning was given to duties or tasks. These warm, buzzing, soul-filling Summer eves are not for work.

Presently the sweet voice and sweeter face was in their midst. Now eagerly they throng about her with confident affection, quite forgetful that no tie of birth or blood is between! Ah, rarely well did this wonderful teacher know how to combine authority and love, dignity and motherly sympathy.*

"I have called you together, children, to give you a real pleasure," she said; "I am going to read 'Evelina,' by Frances Burney." Then, as they look and speak inquiringly, she adds in her own inimitable way a graphic sketch of that remarkable woman, describing with all the pathos and beauty of genius and enthusiasm the sweet girlhood and successful youth of Frances Burney, tenderly commiserating her disappointments and trials in the train of royalty, adding at the close, "This is her first novel, and one that does not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality or virgin delicacy, descriptive of just such a girl as I could wish each of my pupils to be. So genuinely true, of such crystal purity, elevated religious sentiment and unaffected womanliness—such is Miss Burney's *Evelina*."

Of Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, Macaulay says: "Before she went

hence, time set on her that seal which is seldom set except upon the fame of the departed. She survived her own death, so to speak, and overheard the judgment of posterity."

Born in 1752, she died in 1840, at the full age of four score and eight.

Her best work was done and her reputation established during the first forty-five years of her life. A résumé of the history and experience of this remarkable woman may prove helpful as well as interesting, for while she was a beautiful example and an interesting study, she was also in one of her life episodes a warning against weakness for the so-called high places of the earth. Descended from a family of Irish origin, but for generations established in England and possessed of considerable estate, vicissitudes resulting from ill-advised marriages and squandered property reduced their fortune, and when we first hear of the little Frances it is as the daughter of an eccentric and poor music master. Her father, Charles Burney, was known later in life as the author of the history of music and the father of two children full of literary genius.

Frances was so shy and silent that her brother and sister called her a dunce, for at eight years old she did not even know her letters, and from her ninth to her twenty-fifth year she was almost wholly self-taught. Dr. Burney was an affectionate, indulgent, busy father, who caressed his children but never thought of their home education. He disposed of two of his daughters at a French seminary, but fearing Frances's impressible nature might make an easy *pervert* to Catholicism he kept her at home. A good providence doubtless overruled her destiny, but no governess, no teacher of art or language, was provided for the little girl. One of her sisters showed her how to write, and before she was fourteen, she found pleasure in reading. Yet when her best novels were produced she possessed a very limited knowledge of books, and was unacquainted with the works then most read and admired; neither Voltaire, Molière, nor the poet Churchill had added to her information or affected her style. Nor was she a novel reader, for her

*Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, this beautiful mother teacher, lived out the full measure of four score years, and left the world better for those years of usefulness and piety. She attained her heavenly home April 21, 1880. Rest in peace.

father's library contained but one novel, Fielding's "Amelia," of which her own books certainly bear no trace. An anecdote of this same careless father serves to illustrate her estimate of novel reading. His young daughter had written and published the sweet and touching story of "Evelina" without her father knowing more than the fact that she had been contemplating the writing of a work of fiction. One day he appeared and with great excitement laid a book upon the table before her, saying: "There, you may read that novel, for it is the only unobjectionable book of the kind that I have ever seen." Of course, the work had appeared, anonymously, but the father had not been purposely excluded from the small circle of confidential friends who knew its authorship. He had only been oblivious, as usual, of the daily life and interests of his daughter. Their social position was peculiar and afforded Frances an education better suited to her imaginative turn of mind than to any elaborate culture.

The book of human nature was almost constantly before her, for few of the aristocracy could entertain in the most stately mansions of St. James Square a more brilliant and varied society than was frequently found in Dr. Burney's modest abode. He had won Dr. Johnson's heart and was almost as much an idolater at the shrine of that great man as we know Boswell to have been. Garrick, too, was a frequent visitor in Poland Street, for that wonderful actor loved the society of children. The ecstasies of mirth and terror he never failed to produce in the nursery flattered him as much as the applause of a mature audience. Thus the little Frances and her sisters had the benefit of the best mimicry of which the great actor was capable. For their amusement he would crouch and shudder as if he saw a ghost, frighten them with the ravings of a maniac, and suddenly be transformed into an auctioneer, an old woman, or a chimney-sweep.

Her father's musical distinction attracted to his house the most eminent musicians of the age. Pachisroti became his intimate friend—the rapacious Agujari, who sang for

no one else under fifty pounds an air, sang her best for Dr. Burney without a fee, and even the haughty and eccentric Gabreilli constrained herself to behave with civility in his company. Thus he was enabled to give concerts equal to those of the nobility and his drawing-room was crowded with peers and peeresses, ministers, and ambassadors. Think of this when, looking back from a future standpoint, we shall see how unwisely, nay, weakly, did this gifted woman loosen her grasp upon the substance to catch the shadow, finding at last 't was but distance lent enchantment to a royal household, which was in fact far less brilliant and satisfactory than the attractions of her father's real worth.

As a girl Frances Burney had no marked or striking talent either as a scholar or as a musician. She was shy almost to awkwardness; the slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her, and even her most intimate friends scarce could elicit more than a monosyllabic reply. Of a diminutive figure, with no claim to beauty, she was, of course, suffered to withdraw into the background without exciting the suspicion of her imaginative and descriptive talent and keen sense of humor. Thus she passed unobserved whilst making the minutest observation of men and manners, for every marked peculiarity instantly claimed her attention and remained engraved upon her memory.

Dr. Burney's children were left so much to themselves that they naturally sought companionship in their own neighborhood, which was an unfashionable quarter of the city, affording homes to many of the humble poor. Thus while still young she had noted and compared life in its gradations, had watched and listened to people of every class, from princes and great officers of state to artists living in garrets and poets familiar with poverty. She began to write little fictions as soon as she could use her pen with ease, and her sisters were amused by these stories, but her father knew nothing of their existence.

When Frances was about fifteen years old her father took a second wife, and the new Mrs. Burney, good-naturedly and kindly,

but decidedly, discouraged her daughter's scribbling, believing sincerely that she was doing her no injustice, for at that time novel writing was held in great contempt. Frances yielded amiably and made a bonfire of her manuscripts, dutifully devoting her mornings to needle work, but the afternoon being her own to do with as she pleased, she was too fond of her pen to relinquish it altogether, and out of this necessity for writing something began her diary and correspondence with a peculiar but kind and judicious old friend, to whom she owed much in the formation and guidance of her mind. Samuel Crisp, the name of her eccentric friend, had some local celebrity a century ago, but at the time to which we refer he had become soured with the world, and, retiring to a desolate old hall, hid himself as if in a den; only the Burneys knew of his retreat. He regarded Frances as a daughter, called her his "Fannikin," and she in turn always addressed him as "Dear Daddy."

This good friend, though a failure as a poet, was a scholar and excellent counselor. When gout and old age confined him to his retreat he was desirous of having an occasional glimpse of that gay world from which he was exiled. Thus he urged Fannikin to send him full accounts of her father's evening parties. A few of these letters have been published, and display the powers that produced "Evelina" and "Cecilia," that gentleness, humor, and skill that have afforded pleasure to thousands. Writing of any kind naturally revived many of her old romances. Miss Burney says of her first attempt to appear before the public as an author: "My plan is to draw characters from nature, though not from life, and to mark the manners of the times. The little incidents of these volumes record the natural progression in the life of a young woman of obscure birth and conspicuous beauty for the first six months after her entrance into the world of fashion." She then warns her readers against the expectation of being transported to the fantastic regions of romance, "where reason is an outcast and the sublimity of the marvelous rejects all aid from sober probability." She disclaims in her preface to

Evelina all desire for imitation of the best authors, rather excusing herself for marking out an entirely new path from that trodden by Johnson, Rousseau, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. She was wise in so doing, and Macaulay says of her "new departure:"

"Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama, and in a better way. She took away the reproach that lay upon the most useful and delightful species of composition, and vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in the fair and noble province of letters."

The unprecedented success of her first novel, "Evelina," startled and bewildered the shy retiring girl. Although she had been bold enough to seek its publication without money or the prestige of influential friends, having confided the secret to only a few of her relations, she was almost sick with terror during the first days after its appearance. Very soon, however, the first accounts of praise were heard, which grew quickly into rapturous applause. Scholars and statesmen who held romance in proud contempt were not ashamed to own they could not tear themselves away from the perusal of this fascinating novel. Every body was inquiring for the author, and since even the publisher did not know her name, imagination ran riot as to its authorship, and the book was ascribed to men of letters whose reputation was already established. Astonishment and enthusiasm knew no bounds when it was discovered that a reserved, silent, shy young woman had produced the best work of fiction since the death of Smollett. Her father wept over it in rapture. Daddy Crisp reproached her affectionately for not having been admitted to her confidence, and the truth being once whispered to Mrs. Thrale the news spread fast. Her triumph was complete, and the timid, obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great and learned men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with respect and admiration.

At Strentham, the residence of Mrs. Thrale, she enjoyed in perfection friendship

and a consciousness of appreciation—for this friend, with her quick wit, amiable and loving heart, and agreeable though unrefined manners, was at the height of prosperity, and treated Frances with the tenderness of a sister; here, too, Dr. Johnson was domesticated. This odd but admirable genius had long been a friend of her father, but Frances had probably seldom spoken to him, save to ask if he would be helped to a nineteenth or twentieth cup of tea. With Johnson's cordial approbation of her literary genius was mingled a fondness, half gallant and half paternal, to which his age and character entitled him. He finally became so fond and proud of her that he would sometimes clasp her in his huge arms, called her his "pet," his "dear little Burney," his "character monger," and implore her always to "be a good girl." He insisted upon teaching her Latin, and in various ways gave her assistance. With all his coarseness and irritability we know Dr. Johnson was a man of sterling benevolence; but how gentle and enduring he could be is nowhere so beautifully set forth as in the recollections of Madame D'Arblay. Success and the flattering attentions of the learned and great did not turn the strong head nor cor-

rupt the generous, affectionate nature of this estimable woman. Her truest happiness sprang from the praise of father, sister, and her "dear Daddy Crisp."

Through the judicious criticism of this same kind friend she abandoned her next literary effort, in the shape of a comedy, and determined to attempt a new novel, on a plan excellently contrived to display her best powers of description and imagery. This was pronounced "very fine" by her best adviser, and "Cecilia" was published in 1782. She is said to have received two thousand pounds for the manuscript, and no romance of Walter Scott was more impatiently awaited and more eagerly snatched from the counter of the bookseller. "Cecilia" was placed among the classic novels of England.

Miss Burney was now thirty years old; her youth had been singularly prosperous, but clouds were beginning to gather about her. Good old Daddy Crisp was taken from her. Dr. Johnson soon followed, and her friend Mrs. Thrale caused her to weep tears of mortification as well as sorrow. Her subsequent life, as waiting maid to the queen, and as the wife of M. D'Arblay, we can not here trace.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Eastern Question is the one which above all others has for years engaged the attention of European statesmen. Other questions have arisen that are of great importance, but they interest only two or three nations; this interests all, and has done so for centuries, but particularly England, Turkey, and Russia. Neither of these powers obtain an advantage, but all the powers must be invited to the feast, and participate in some manner in the division of the spoils. Like Vesuvius, though upon the surface all may be calm, there is a constant expectation of a revival of the issues involved. There are those who prophesy a political eruption soon that will shake the world.

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In the reign of Solymán I (1520-1566) the Ottoman Empire rose to the height of its splendor and power. At that time no nation hostile to Turkey dared to send its ships into the Mediterranean. During the succeeding reign, that of Selim II, occurred the first difficulty between the Turks and the Russians. Selim proposed building a canal to connect the Caspian and the Black Seas—as the Russians yet intend doing—and sent five thousand workmen, with eighty thousand soldiers to protect them. The plan involved the possession of the town of Astrakhan, and the attack upon it brought upon them the vengeance of the Russians—a people in Southern Europe previous to

that time unknown. Turkey's power increased, until, late in the sixteenth century, her armies had proceeded to within forty miles of Vienna; and there was every prospect that she would rule the world. The Ottoman rule was then at its height. Soon afterward Turkey suffered reverses, and but for the assistance of the Poles would probably have been destroyed.

Since that time, with occasional unimportant reconquests, Turkish rule has constantly declined. In 1663 an unsuccessful war was carried on with Germany. In 1687 the Austrians inflicted upon her soldiers a bloody defeat. Charles XII of Sweden, by his intrigues, forced Turkey into a war with Russia. The Russians depended on the assistance of the Moldavians, who, instead, supplied the Turks with necessary provisions. Peter the Great, then czar, found himself in a dangerous position, with the Pruth behind him, one hundred and fifty thousand Turks in front, and forty thousand cavalry harassing his flanks. He was in a fair way to become the victim of his enemy, but was rescued by the sagacity of his queen and the stupidity of the Turkish vizier, who permitted him to retire on easy terms.

The aggressive movements of Russia began with the seizure of Azof and other important fortresses in 1736. A scheme for the dividing of Turkey between Russia and Austria was discovered, and a war followed, in which the Turks defeated Austria, but the Russians were successful. In 1769 the Russians invaded Moldavia, and the next year their fleet destroyed the Turkish navy off Chios. The war ended with the famous treaty of Kutshouk-Kainardji, July 10, 1774. The treaty stipulated for the complete independence of the Tartars on the Crimea, neither power to interfere in their affairs under any pretext whatever, and contained other clauses, to which reference will be made. It had hardly been signed before the terms were broken by the czar, who took possession of the Crimea and the whole country east of the Caspian, and in 1784 compelled the sultan to agree to his action. In 1787 the sultan took up arms against his inveterate enemy. This was fol-

lowed the next year by an attempt by Austria to arrange with Russia for the dismemberment of Turkey. Austria was again subdued, and compelled to sign a treaty at Sistova; but Russia overrun the northern provinces, and captured or destroyed the Turkish fleet. Austria and Russia later entered into an alliance, and both armies proceeded against their common foe with disastrous effect. Belgrade surrendered to the Austrians, and Russia received Bucharest, Bender, Akerman, and Ismail. A treaty was signed at Jassy in January, 1792, by which the Dneister was made the boundary, the Crimea and Kuban were ceded to Russia, and Turkey compelled to pay a large indemnity.

Whatever may have been the ability of Russia's former rulers, no one of them had ever exhibited the sagacity of Peter the Great. He saw the necessity for extending his borders until they should embrace a coast that would give his people an outlet for their commerce. The only outlet of Russia on the southern side is the Black Sea, hence her interest in the question of the straits. Russia and Turkey together surround the Black Sea, which but for the narrow channel called the Bosphorus, would be an immense land-locked lake. Close this channel, and Russia is locked into the Black Sea. The Bosphorus is only seventeen miles long, is very narrow—in some places but half a mile wide—but it is very deep, enabling large ships of war to float close to its shores. In its course it passes Constantinople, and connects the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. This latter is connected with the Mediterranean by the Straits of Dardanelles, also very narrow and deep, and about forty miles in length. With these straits closed to vessels of war Constantinople is unassailable, while at the same time the Russian fleet in the Black Sea is entirely cut off from the Mediterranean. The sultan has always claimed the right to exclude foreign ships of war from both straits, and the treaty of 1807 between Great Britain and Turkey confirmed the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" forbidding vessels of war at all times to enter the canal of Con-

stantinople. The treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi between Russia and Turkey contained a secret clause binding the Porte to close the Dardanelles against all war vessels whatever, thus shutting the enemies of Russia out of the Black Sea, but leaving the fleets of the czar free to pass the Bosphorus. And the treaty of 1841 secured to Turkey the right to exclude such ships of war by the agreement of the five great powers of Europe. The sultan at the same time engaged not to allow the navy of any such power to enter either of the straits in time of peace. In times of war it was his privilege, and for his own protection, to invite the presence and co-operation of the armed vessels of a foreign power in the Sea of Marmora.

This treaty, while it secured Turkey from invasion by water, shut up the navy of Russia in the Black Sea. Such, indeed, has always been the position of Russia, and Peter the Great determined that as soon as possible his should cease to be an inland empire. He adopted a policy of internal improvement and territorial expansion. So thoroughly did he impress himself upon the nation that when his purported will was published, though now known to be spurious, it was every-where accepted as real. In that document he is reported to say, referring especially to the possession of Constantinople, and as to how that object was to be reached: "Raise wars continually—at one time against Turkey, at another against Persia; make dock-yards on the Black Sea; by degrees make yourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic; hasten the decay of Persia, and penetrate to the Persian Gulf; establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the East *via* Syria, and push on to the Indies, which are the *entrepôt* of the world. Once there you need not fear the gold of England." The spurious will was so in accord with the conduct of the great czar, that the Russian people felt it their duty to carry it out; and they are doing so with a patience equal to that of the Chinese and a zeal that brings success.

The advances of Russia in the East have been closely watched by all the great powers—with most interest by England. The Rus-

sians exhibited in the carrying out of their policy in the East a sagacity that alarmed their political rival. English officers and diplomatic emissaries reported that they were continually confronted by evidences of Russian intrigue in Central Asia. The representatives of the czar even took a hand in directing England's policy in Afghanistan, and the tales told of Russian intrigue caused some of the public servants and even statesmen almost to "lose their heads."

During the later years of his reign the Emperor Nicholas determined upon a war with Turkey. A pretext was found in the religious condition of the Slaves. Several provinces in European Turkey were of Slavonian race, and of the religion of the Greek Church—the state Church of Russia. For this reason they were closely united to the Russian people, and the treatment they received at the hands of the Turks was a source of continual dispute between the czar and the sultan. So intense was the feeling of the Russians for their persecuted co-religionists and against the persecutors, that no czar could hope to be popular who dared to ignore the national sentiment.

Nicholas made up his mind that it would be policy to invite England to share in the spoils when Turkey should be divided, and this he, no doubt, in his mind's eye, saw in the near future. He had visited England, esteemed the English people highly, and at one time was himself in high favor with them. It is said that he talked as though his highest ambition was to be in friendly alliance with the British Government. During his visit to England in 1844, he had several conversations with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, then foreign secretary, in reference to Turkey and her prospects, and what might happen in case of her dissolution, which he believed to be imminent. The frankness with which he unbosomed himself at that time and subsequently was a surprise to the English.

Upon his return to Russia the czar had a memorandum drawn up embodying the views which, as he believed, were entertained alike by himself and the English statesmen with

whom he had conversed. This memorandum set forth, M'Carthy says, that Russia and England were alike penetrated by the conviction that it was for their common interest that the Ottoman Empire should maintain itself in its existing independence and extent of territory, and that they had an equal interest in averting all the dangers that might place its safety in jeopardy. The Porte must not be needlessly disturbed by diplomatic bickerings. But it was insisted that while Turkey kept up her practice of continually breaking her treaties it was impossible for her integrity to be secured. This practice was indulged with impunity in the belief that if she failed to keep her engagements toward one of the powers the jealousies of the others would induce them to espouse her cause. The memorandum declared that "as soon as the Porte shall perceive that it is not supported by the other cabinets it will give way, and the differences which have arisen will be arranged in a conciliatory manner, without any conflict resulting from them." It also spoke of the imperative necessity of Turkey being led to treat her subjects with toleration and mildness. On such conditions, according to the emperor, both Russia and England must desire the preservation of Turkey.

But the memorandum stated that the two great powers could not conceal from themselves the fact that the Ottoman Empire contained within itself many elements of dissolution, and that unforeseen events might at any time hasten its fall. The document said: "In the uncertainty which hovers over the future a single fundamental idea seems to admit of a really practical application; that is, that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished if in the event of its occurring, Russia and England have come to an understanding as to the course to be taken by them in common. That understanding will be the more beneficial inasmuch as it will have the full assent of Austria, between whom and Russia exists an entire accord."

The copy of the memorandum sent to

London was put among the archives of the Foreign Office, and its contents only made public at a later day, when the Russian press insisted that the English Government had always been in possession of the views of Russia in regard to Turkey.

All this time the consent of England to the czar's plan for the disposal of Turkish territory in case that country got into trouble, was assumed by Nicholas simply because no objection was offered—it was after the saying that "silence gives consent"—a very erroneous theory, as both nations afterward learned to their sorrow.

In course of time Nicholas thought he saw an occasion for reviving and making more explicit the supposed understanding with England. On the evening of January 9, 1853, he met the English minister, Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, at a party given by the Archduchess Helen at her palace in St. Petersburg, and there had with him a confidential conversation, expressing himself in the most outspoken manner about the future of Turkey, and the arrangements it might be necessary for Russia and England to make regarding it. The talk was frequently renewed afterwards, and is one of the most interesting chapters in all history. In the course of that conversation the emperor used the expression that will attach to Turkey as long as it has an organized existence—"the sick man." "We have on our hands," he said, "a sick man—a very sick man; it will be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made."

The emperor declared that he had not in view, nor would he permit a permanent occupation of Constantinople by Russia. Neither would he agree to its being held by England, France, or any other great power. He would not agree to the reconstruction of Greece in the form of a Byzantine empire, nor to the subdivision of Turkey into little republics—asylums, as he said, for the Kosuths and Mazzinis of Europe. His position was one of negation, even as to the existence of Turkey, allowing nothing to take its place—not even Russia. He was willing that Serbia and Bulgaria might become independent

states, "under my protection." He would offer no objections to England's taking possession of Egypt, and also of Candia. What he did want above all things else was for England and Russia to arrive at an understanding on the subject, and that once an accomplished fact, it was a matter of indifference to him, he said, what other powers might think or say. He spoke of the several millions of Christians in Turkey, the right to watch over whose rights he declared was secured to him by treaty.

Notwithstanding the evident good intentions of Nicholas so far as the English were concerned, that government never put any faith in him after his conversation with its minister. It looked upon him as a plotter and a plunderer, while he in turn looked upon it as a faithless accomplice. The only answer made by the English minister to his overtures was that the English Government did not think it quite usual to enter into arrangements for the spoliation of a friendly power, and that it had no desire to succeed to any of the possessions of Turkey. Lord John Russell, in his letter, written early in February, 1853, to Sir Hamilton Seymour, did make an admission, inadvertently, no doubt, which the emperor used to his own advantage. In closing his letter Lord John wrote: "The more the Turkish Government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which his imperial majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty, and sanctioned by treaty."

After his failure with Sir Hamilton Seymour the emperor receded from his advanced position, and to all appearance agreed with England as to the necessity of not embarrassing Turkey by pressing too severely upon her. But the Russian people were so decided in their antagonism to Ottoman rule that a conflict could not long be delayed, and with such a feeling prevailing a pretext for war was easily found.

The Greek and Latin Churches had for many years carried on a dispute about the Holy Places in Palestine. The former

Church was under the protection of the emperor of Russia, the latter under that of the kings of France. England believed the maintenance of the Ottoman power in Europe a necessity; France did not. Nor did the emperor of France care much for the unceasing claims of the Latin monks in regard the Holy Places, except in so far as some political advantage might be obtained therefrom. But for some reason he suddenly became very earnest in pressing the Latin claims.

The Latin Church claimed the great church in Bethlehem, the tomb of the Virgin, the Sanctuary of the Nativity, with the right to place a new star there (that which formerly ornamented it having been lost), the stone of anointing, the seven arches of the Virgin in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Francis the First of France had made a treaty with the Porte by which France was acknowledged the protector of the Holy Places in Palestine, and of the Latin monks who cared for the sacred monuments and memorials. The Greek Church afterwards received from the sultan the same recognition; and each succeeding sultan granted privileges as pleased himself, without reference to what his predecessors had done. Each Church, of course, claimed the right to take care of the Holy Places, and disputes were constantly arising. France and Russia took sides with their respective Churches, and any advantage, no matter of how little importance, gained by the one was regarded by the other as either an insult or a snub.

France opened the controversy that preceded the Crimean war, through its ambassador at Constantinople. The reason assigned for the conduct of France is that Napoleon III, who had at that time just succeeded in having himself installed emperor, was very anxious to distract the attention of Frenchmen from domestic politics to some showy and startling policy abroad, and this he found in the disagreement between the Latin and Greek Churches. While the action of Napoleon doubtless hastened the Crimean war, a war would not have been avoided had France taken no action whatever. In the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji,

made in 1774, between the Porte and Catherine II of Russia, was incorporated a clause which, at that time, was of no apparent significance, but which was destined to threaten the very existence of the Turkish Empire. This clause, the seventh, declared that the Sublime Porte promised "to protect constantly the Christian religion and its churches; and also to allow the minister of the imperial court of Russia to make on all occasions representations as well in favor of the new Church in Constantinople, of which mention will be made in the fourteenth article, as in favor of those who officiate therein, promising to take such representations into due consideration as being made by a confidential functionary of a neighboring and sincerely friendly power." The fourteenth article alluded to gave permission to the court of Russia to build a public church of the Greek rite in the Galata quarter of Constantinople, in addition to the chapel built in the house of the minister; and declared that the new church "shall be always under the protection of the ministers of the (Russian) empire, and shielded from all obstruction and all damage."

Upon the strength of the seventh clause of the treaty Russia claimed a right of protectorate over all the Christians of the Greek Church in Turkey, and insisted that when Turkey gave her the right to interfere in behalf of the worshipers in one particular church, the right extended to all throughout the Ottoman dominions. An acknowledgment of this right was the main object of the emperor in all the negotiations just preceding the Crimean war. Such an acknowledgment would have virtually dispossessed the sultan of a vast portion of his dominions and placed it in the hands of the Russians.

Mr. Gladstone, and Lord John Russell in his letter to Sir Hamilton Seymour—the latter doubtless thoughtlessly, and without realizing the importance that would be attached to his words—alone of all the eminent European and British statesmen accepted the Russian interpretation of the famous seventh clause.

The difficulty about the Holy Places, for

which the Porte cared very little, was easily settled. But the very day that the firman settling the dispute appeared, Prince Menschikoff, who had been sent by the czar to Constantinople with authority to settle or unsettle the matter altogether, suddenly shifting his ground, took up another cause of quarrel, and sent an official note to the Turkish foreign minister, demanding that the protectorate over the sultan's Greek subjects, eleven million in number, should be vested at once and completely in the emperor of Russia. Menschikoff, the son of Peter the Great's pastry-cook friend of Moscow, was a man of exceedingly haughty and insolent manner, and seemed to have been selected especially to prevent an amicable settlement. He made the most imperious demands, used the most peremptory language to the sultan and the grand vizier, and so insulted the minister of foreign affairs that that individual resigned his office. He endeavored to entrap the Turkish Government into a secret treaty with Russia, and requested the ministers to promise not to reveal to the English or French ambassadors the nature of it, with which request they refused to comply.

On the 21st of May, 1853, the sultan, after a consultation with the English and French ambassadors, formally declined to comply with Russia's demand for a protectorate. Menschikoff quitted Constantinople in real or affected rage, and the imperial arms were pulled down from the Russian embassy. It was intimated to the Porte that Prince Menschikoff would remain a short time at Odessa, and that if within a week a note complying with the demands of the czar was received a rupture with Russia might be avoided. The note was not sent, and the war for which Russia had been for some time preparing by massing troops on the Turkish frontier, yet all the while protesting that she had no intentions to disturb the peace of Europe, was begun. Nicholas occupied the Danubian principalities, not as an act of war, he said, but with a view of obtaining material guarantees for the concession of the demands which Turkey had already declared she would not concede; and the English Gov-

ernment, in the hope of averting a bloody war, while admitting that the action of the emperor was sufficient cause for war, advised the Porte not to treat it as such. The powers set to work again to settle the difficulty. A Vienna note was prepared, which Russia expressed a willingness to accept; but before it was signed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe discovered that, while not apparent, it was virtually a concession to Russia of all she desired—her claim to a protectorate over the Greek Christians in Turkish territory—and what all Europe was unwilling to concede. The Porte declined to accept the Vienna note, unless it was considerably modified, which the Russian Government refused to grant.

The preparation of this Vienna note was an exhibition of the remarkable shrewdness of Russian diplomatists. So adroitly was it worded that the powers were at first greatly charmed with it, and were anxious to agree to it. They saw its real meaning only when exposed by Lord Redcliffe. As the prince consort said, "The western powers were almost caught in a trap." Other negotiations followed, but from the hour of Turkey's refusal to accept the Vienna note, all hopes of peace were over.

The Turks began actual military preparations about the middle of October, 1853, and for several days met with brilliant success. About six weeks later the fleet of Turkey was destroyed by the Russians at Sinope in the Black Sea, and out of the four thousand four hundred Turks engaged in the battle, it was asserted on official authority, over four thousand were killed, and every one of the remainder wounded.

This "massacre of Sinope," as it was called, aroused France and England, and their respective cabinets intimated to Russia that they were determined to enforce the neutrality of the Black Sea, and that if its flag dared to show itself on that sea the war ships of the two foreign states, taking possession of these waters, would haul it down or compel those who bore it to seek safety by flying into port.

Nicholas thereupon withdrew his representatives from London and Paris, and on

February 24, 1854, diplomatic relations between those powers and Russia ceased. The emperor of the French, professedly in the interests of peace, wrote a letter to the emperor of Russia, asking him to allow an armistice to be signed, and then to negotiate a convention with the sultan, to be submitted to the four powers. In closing his letter Napoleon intimated that if Russia would not do this France and England would be compelled to leave to the chances of war what might be decided by reason and justice. Nicholas replied that his claims had been confirmed by treaties, and that he was willing to treat upon conditions well known to the allies; but if driven to arms he had no doubt Russia could hold her own as well in 1854 as she had done in 1812—the year of the burning of Moscow and the disastrous retreat of the French.

England dispatched a letter to the emperor of Russia in which she declared that if Russia did not, by return of the messenger bearing the demand, announce her intention completely to evacuate the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia before April 30, she would consider the refusal or silence of the cabinet at St. Petersburg as equivalent to a declaration of war, and would take measures accordingly. The messenger was ordered not to wait more than six days for an answer. On the fifth he was informed that the czar had no answer to give. A few days later England's declaration of war against Russia was officially proclaimed.

England and France entered the war as allies. The invasion of the Crimea was decided upon, and there occurred the severest fighting of the war. The war of the Crimea was disastrous to those engaged in it, with the single exception of Sardinia. This little kingdom, under the direction of Count Cavour, one of the ablest statesmen of modern times, went into the war, not because she sympathized with or was opposed to one side or the other, but in order to secure a place in the councils of Europe, where she would have an opportunity to set forth her grievances against Austria. She secured such a place, and as a result of her participation in the Crimean War the unity

of Italy was hastened, if not, indeed, secured by that action alone.

The allies conquered the Russians by main strength and awkwardness. Sebastopol, after a prolonged siege was evacuated by the Russians early in September, 1855, they having first set fire to it, and leaving it another Moscow. The defeat of the Russians on the Alma hastened the death of the Emperor Nicholas, March 2, 1855.

The war formally ended with the signing of the treaty of Paris, March 30, 1856, by the representatives of Prussia, England, France, Austria, Turkey, and Sardinia. By it the controversies about the Christian provinces, the straits, and the Black Sea were believed to be settled, and the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey assured. The sultan at the same time issued a firman for ameliorating the condition of his Christian subjects, and granting perfect religious equality between Christians and Mohammedans.

The sultan, no doubt, was sincere in decreeing such religious equality; but to his people there is a "higher law," obedience to which renders his decrees, no matter how solemnly they may have been proclaimed, of none effect. The Turk is a Mohammedan above every thing else, and the moment a sultan ceases to obey the strict letter of the Koran, his claim to the fealty and obedience of his Mohammedan subjects also ceases. The Koran recognizes no possibility of equality between an infidel and a follower of Mohammed; and in promising his Christian subjects to grant that equality which they demand for themselves, and which Russia and other professedly Christian nations have demanded for them, the sultan promised that which he had the nominal but not the actual power to bestow.

A score of years had scarcely passed before the troubles with the Greek Christians again became the occasion of a Turkish war.

In 1875 the Christians in Bosnia and Herzegovina were driven to take up arms against their oppressors; and in a few weeks the insurrection became so widespread and powerful that the Turks were unable to suppress it. The powers interfered and received from

the Porte pledges that the religious equality of all its subjects should be recognized, the farming of taxes be discontinued, and taxes levied in the revolted provinces expended there. But the insurgents placed no confidence in the promises of the Turks, and, declining to accept the terms, were soon joined by Servia.

Early in 1876 the Turks, under the advice of England, sought to restore quiet in the disturbed provinces by a rigorous enforcement of military law. Bulgaria was chosen as the subject for such exhibition and a force sufficient to subdue any possible resistance occupied its territory. Christian villages were plundered and burned, their inhabitants, by the thousands, were slaughtered without mercy; and women, little children, and old men perished under nameless torture. The dead were found in heaps in the churches, whither they had fled for protection, and the dogs fed upon their unburied flesh as they rotted by the roadside.

The attention of a correspondent of the *London Daily News*—James A. MacGahan, a native of Ohio—was called to the horrible facts, and he visited the scene of the atrocities. MacGahan's letters aroused the indignation of the civilized world, even English sympathy for the Turk being unable to overlook such a record of crime. The "hereditary policy" of the Beaconsfield administration of protecting the Turk against the vengeance of his subjects and their political friends was abandoned.

The emperor of Russia, taking advantage of the change in the sentiments of the English people, proposed that Turkish misrule should be stopped by force, and intimated that if the powers did not join him in the work he was prepared to act independently. The powers endeavored to bring the Turk to terms, but he refused to yield to their counsel and entreaties.

The powers thereupon desisted, and in April, 1877, Russia declared war, and moved her armies to the frontier. The war was short, lasting only until January, 1878. The loss of life was fearful. Throughout the war the Turks took no prisoners. All the Russians who fell into their hands were

massacred, often with tortures which forbid description. When victorious on the battlefield they habitually murdered the wounded. It is said that to keep from falling alive into the hands of the Turks many Russian officers carried with them deadly poison, with which, in case they were wounded and their own army defeated, they might commit suicide. The Russians, on the other hand, with rare exceptions, cared for the wounded Turkish prisoners as tenderly as for their own.

The Turks were overwhelmingly defeated. The following in brief were the terms of peace adjusted by the Berlin Conference in July, 1878: To the north of the Balkans, Bulgaria was erected into a principality, paying tribute, but wholly exempt from Turkish control. To the south of the great mountain range was formed the province of Eastern Roumelia, nominally under the political authority of the sultan, but ruled by a Christian governor-general, and effectively protected against Turkish interference with her newly-conferred privilege of self-administration. The independence which the Montenegrins had maintained by arms for four hundred years was recognized, and some addition of territory given. Roumania and Servia received a formal acknowledgment of their independence. Bosnia and Herzegovina were made over to Austria. Russia took back Bessarabia, of which she had been deprived in the time of her adversity twenty-three years ago, and Roumania was indemnified for the loss out of Turkish territory. Russia received also Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan in Asia. England accepted Cyprus in requital of her friendly offices, and guaranteed the safety of certain Turkish possessions in Asia—securing for herself certain rights to promote good government in these regions.

The decision of the Berlin Congress was intended to settle the Eastern Question, But that it did not is daily manifest. It has been apparent ever since that Russia is turning to other fields than the possession

of Turkey in Europe. What may be the occasion for this course it is impossible to say, but it is probable that England's evident intention to protect Turkey, and, in so doing, protect her empire in India, has had more influence in shaping Russia's policy than any act of the Berlin Congress. The "Eastern Question" originally related to the questions that arose out of the difficulties between the Turks and the Greek Christians under Turkish control; but during very recent years its scope has widened and it now seems, in a few words, to be "which shall possess all of Asia—Russia or England?" Each of these governments denies any desire for foreign conquest, but, judging the future by the past, it is certain that neither will let any opportunity to acquire territory in the East escape. England is now in virtual possession of Afghanistan, for the condition of affairs in that country is such that even should the English desire to retire they could not do so without leaving the natives to a fate many-fold more terrible than they now suffer.

The probable future of the Eastern Question is, England will extend the borders of her Indian Empire as far north into China as possible, Russia will extend her empire eastward to obtain a seaport on the coast of China; England will annex Southern China to India, and Russia Northern China to Siberia.

Centuries may pass before the Eastern Question is fully settled, and before that end is attained millions of lives will be sacrificed; for of so little account is the life of the individual in India, China, and Russia, especially in the two latter countries, that the rulers would rather sacrifice men than territory. The only hope for China is to abandon her primitive and childish methods of warfare, and adopt those of modern times. With modern implements of war in the hands of the almost countless millions she could enlist for military service, she would be almost unconquerable.

THE WAIFS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

FICTION presents no more romantic story than that of the islands of the Southern Seas. For centuries after civilization had gained great victories, these islands lay unknown to men, and when first visited by modern navigators during the latter part of the last century, they were so inhospitable as to receive the general appellation of the "Cannibal Islands," and men shunned them as the ogres of the ocean.

Gradually the English Government gained a foothold in Australia and New Zealand, and when Christian civilization had here supplanted the barbarity of the native tribes and the crime and rudeness of the early English convict settlers, men began to cast their eyes towards the scattered waifs of the ocean and long for the rich and delicious fruits of their forests. But nearly every approach to them was repelled by savage barbarity and violence, until English navigators, almost by force, gained a foothold on some of them, an adventure that cost the sacrifice of many lives. And foremost in this fierce struggle was the Christian missionary, who has here gained his greatest triumphs. After the formal annexation of the Fiji Islands to England and the appointment there of a local government and a military garrison, the ice seemed to be fairly broken, and other groups were approached by missionaries and traders, till now one island after another is falling into line and succumbing to Christian and civilizing influences with a rapidity that sounds more like romance than truth. We propose, therefore, a rapid glance at the present activities among these islands rather than a history of their transformation.

A rivalry among the various nationalities that have commercial interests in these seas has just culminated in a desire for general annexation of them all to some civilized powers that may take them as wards and care for them during a transition state. This induces various parties to present arguments in favor of possessing them, which

expose an activity and wealth among them of which the world has had no conception. They are veritable jewels in emerald seas. Commercial firms, mainly German, have succeeded in making friendly treaties with the chiefs of certain groups of islands, and establishing on them plantations and factories, or trading houses, whose success has been very marked. The groups known as the Tonga and Samoan Islands have already an import and export trade of about a half million dollars annually, while commercial interests are growing apace in the Fijis. In all of these the Germans are the principal traders, even in those islands that belong to the English and French.

And the forerunners of this commercial success were in almost every instance the Christian missionaries. The Tonga Islands, which are fertile and low rocky reefs of coral, were among the first to accept Christianity and civilization, so that a regular and organized production and trade had here a good foundation, though it was no easy task to induce the indolent natives to take up the hoe and the spade and encourage the highly fertile soil. But as soon as these islanders learned that for their cocoanut oil they could obtain in barter European products, such as fire-arms, industrial tools, fabrics of cotton, and fancy ornaments, they were much encouraged and went briskly to work, and a large trade has grown between them and Australia. This cocoa-nut oil is the staple article of the island, but it is now mostly exported in the dried cocoa-nut core, and the oil is expressed in Australia, where extensive machinery is erected for that purpose. Hundreds of vessels are now engaged in collecting it among the islands, and thousands of tons are shipped every year.

Among the vessels that lie in the ports, the missionary ships are quite as common as the others. King George of the Tongas finds his best friend and most intimate counselor in the Rev. Mr. Baker, a Wesleyan missionary, who is his interpreter on all occasions

when foreign officials visit the island. The Wesleyan ministers have completely transformed the Tonga Islands. They were first controlled from England, then from Sidney, but for a time have been completely independent and self-supporting, and have quite considerable incomes. The natives have been taught to pay yearly allowances to the missionary work, and learn to find their profit in it, and in Tonga they give nearly two dollars and a half per individual of the population, making yearly fifty thousand dollars—a sum equal to the entire income of the state. They pay these contributions in kind, and the Wesleyans thus find themselves obliged to sell to the European dealers, and have regular business relations with large trading firms. In return for this Mr. Baker has been a great benefactor of the land, teaching the natives industry and thrift as well as Christianity and civilization. His enemies accuse him of making the land and the natives better producers for the purpose of increasing the Church rates; but he in return points to the advantage that all parties gain by taking his advice, and by the influence that he exerts over the king and the natives, with all of whom he is popular.

Through his influence good roads have been made on all the islands of the group to facilitate the transport of products to the ports, and great increase has been made in the production and export of these very fertile islands, whose king is now making friendly treaties with various European powers for the establishment of free ports and agencies—there are about thirty of these on the Tonga group, mostly in the hands of the Germans. A German firm has introduced horses from Australia for farming purposes, and thus the traders and the missionaries work hand in hand for the improvement of the condition of the people, and there is every reason to believe that there will soon be a great increase of production in these fertile islands.

Matters have not moved so smoothly in the Samoan group, known as the Navigator Islands, because of a conflict of the nationalities that have gained a foothold on

them. There are three large and several small islands in this group, containing together about thirty-five thousand natives. They are volcanic in character and beautiful in appearance, with fertile soil and safe ports and waters. Their great value consists in their ability to produce all tropical products, even to sugar and cotton. The Germans have five large plantations on these islands, containing in all about one hundred and twenty thousand cocoa trees, of which about one-half are in bearing. New ones are planted yearly, and they come into bearing in six years, so that some of these plantations are veritable forests of the cocoa. This tree in its various adaptations can be made fairly to support the natives. While it is coming into bearing cotton is planted within the rows, and bears well for several years. The temperature and the soil are very well calculated for it, and five hundred pounds an acre is not an unusual yield. The sugar-cane grows wild on all the islands, and is very juicy. Tobacco and coffee also grow wild, while rice is cultivated, and there is an abundance of yams, bread-fruit, pine-apples, and bananas. The value of these islands have made them a great prize, and they have been annoyed with adventurers that have endeavored to rule them under protection of their flag; but matters have now settled down into a more regular condition, with treaties with several of the powers. It is suspected that on the death of their king the English will seize these islands and annex them to Fiji; but this will not be done without a struggle with the Germans, who have also a large interest here.

The Germans are doing more towards regenerating the people than any other nationality, and deserve to possess the advantages to be gained. They establish large plantations on Samoa and bring in workmen from the other islands and teach them to till the soil. Most of these when found on the distant islands are in the lowest condition of South Sea savages. They are brought away, not by force but under honorable contracts, to labor on the other islands where, at present, it is more convenient to set up the

machinery for establishments. They arrive dirty and lazy and very repulsive. In six months they appear like other beings, and at the end of their contract period they are quite as unfitted to mingle with their fellows at home as they were previously to associate with civilized men. They have been completely changed by the humane and wise treatment of their employers, who allow none to be engaged without their own consent, and even that of their chiefs. The men who train them in the field are their own countrymen, who have been taught for the purpose. They have board cabins that are large, cleanly, and airy. They are fed on meat, corn-bread, and the native fruits. They work only nine hours a day, and under no circumstances are their overseers allowed to strike them. If in the worst cases of violence or crime it is necessary to punish them, this is done under the eye of the consul, and generally with the lash.

They are under the sanitary oversight of a skillful European physician, whose services are gratuitous, as are all medicines. The missionaries have free access to them for the purpose of visiting and instructing them, and they are under no obligations to work on Sundays. If all planters in the tropics could be induced to adopt this principle they would find their profit in it, and this they are now beginning to find out. A recent report of the Parliament of New Zealand calls attention to these labors of the Germans, and emphasizes their great success in introducing these brutal savages into civilization. And an English work on the Fiji Islands declares that the German trading-houses in the South Seas are fairly ruling the trade, and making all the money, and by this systematic and humane treatment of the natives they are getting such a control that they will soon form a *quasi* East India Company in the South Seas. And this assertion seems like a prophecy; for all the German commercial firms in these seas have just formed a syndicate, and under the protection of their government are greatly increasing their trade and influence. The English cry goes forth a little too late, for the Germans are fast gaining such a foot-

hold that they will probably before long form a colonial government among the groups. Some of their war vessels are cruising among them all the time in the interest of their traders, or, at least, for their protection, and are making treaties of peace with the native chiefs, who seem always glad to see them. In a group of vessels lying in port it is no uncommon thing to find a missionary ship and a German national vessel lying beside each other—they have found out the worth of the missionary, and are quite inclined to cultivate him.

Through the combined enterprise of the missionaries and the traders the swarms of little islands lying north of the equator are likely to be brought into connection with the others, and utilized. Many of the natives are first brought to the other islands and taught to labor and save, and with the stock of attractive and useful things that they obtain as the result of their industry, they go back to their homes to transform their dirty and brutal brothers. Several agents usually go with them, and with the consent of the native chiefs they establish plantations for the cocoa-nut and other productions, and bring articles of trade to exchange for them. Once or twice a year there appears a German ship to get their collected products and leave goods and wares. The appetites of the natives for these articles grow apace, and soon the visit of a ship becomes the great event of the season, and is made the occasion of grand rejoicing and trading; and to prepare for it the natives soon find a pleasure in industry and thrift. The result is new plantations and establishments, new mission-houses, new factories, a new order of things, and, in short, the banishment of savage law and violence and the introduction of a well-regulated system of work and rule. The merest savage soon learns the advantage of this, and joins in the new life, and the result soon is new ports for foreign vessels and new coaling stations under the protection of the chiefs, who are reminded when necessary that war vessels can make them respect their contracts.

Occasionally both missionaries and traders find it necessary to chastise the natives,

when they do not hesitate to do it promptly. Rev. George Brown, leader of the Fiji Island Missions, had established a branch and schools in the Duke of York Island. He learned at one time that the savages were murdering his agents, when he hurried thither with a government force, and by vigorous action saved the lives of many Christian men, and conquered the insurgents. In doing this, he killed a goodly number of the natives, some reports say three hundred. For this some of his enemies endeavored to get up against him in Fiji the charge of manslaughter, but the governor of the Fijis protected him, and the home government quashed the proceedings.

A German vessel of war recently visited one of these northern groups to investigate a report that a German trader had been killed. This turned out to be false, but the commander took advantage of the opportunity to show the natives the teeth of a war vessel. The chief got up a grand war-dance for the terror and benefit of his guests, and presented them with several of his most dangerous weapons. In return the German captain invited the chiefs on board of his craft, and treated them to a broadside that made them start with terror. But what affected them most was a quick, rattling fire of musketry; this actually made them squeamish, and caused them to tremble. The old chief declared that such a ship was too much for him, and he virtually promised never to injure a hair of a German's head. He was anxious, indeed, to have a treaty immediately, but the captain told him he would have to wait for this until he had learned to read and write of the missionaries.

The entire history of these waifs of the Southern Seas is a brilliant defense of Christian missions as a civilizing power, for civilization and Christianity must go hand in hand. Confessing Christians on these islands are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and most of these are gathered into regular congregations, with pastors and teachers of their own; for the need of the missionaries in these lands has forced them to raise up a race of native helpers as soon as

possible. The process is to convert, and then transform by adding civilizing to Christianizing influences. The Gospel here fulfills its true mission, and becomes a mighty engine among the regenerating powers of the world—it establishes schools in connection with all the missions, and thus soon teaches the heathen the means of improving their material as well as spiritual condition. It is a grim retort to a heathen chief that no responsible transaction can be undertaken with him until he is able to write and read the treaty, that he may understand it and legally ratify it. The mission work thus develops the innate power of its wards, and enables them soon to become independent and self-supporting. In what measure this incitement operates can be seen every-where in the South Seas where the missionaries are men of the most practical character without laying aside their godliness. They have thus succeeded in commanding the respect and protection of both traders and government, and have achieved a still greater triumph in raising out of the midst of brutal savages a school of men who are capable of being the leaders of the people. The mission work may be truly regarded as the greatest civilizing power in these islands, and throughout the heathen world.

An old missionary who had spent forty years of his life in the work among these islands, declares that while the time of the missionary must of course be mainly devoted to teaching the Gospel of the Bible, he also has another task. The masses must be morally as well as religiously elevated that they may feel their needs and awaken the wants of civilized life. They find most of the South Sea Islanders naked, shameless, and filthy, and thus in open hostility to Bible teaching, which must of a necessity lead them to industry, cleanliness, and sobriety. They themselves soon get an appreciation of the better way, though it is hard for them to find it. In the rivalries that of course exist among parties that visit them, and among themselves, they are frequently at a loss what to do, and stretch out their hands to the first source that seems to afford them a refuge.

Their troubles among themselves are frequently very bitter in the rivalries of contesting chiefs, and after having exhausted themselves in internal conflicts, they frequently come to the English governor, now established in Fiji, to accept their allegiance and protect them. But those who come are too often the defeated ones, who would rather see their realm under a foreign power than under that of rival rulers. In this way one of the small islands near Fiji has just applied to Sir Arthur Gordon to be accepted into his confederation. He replies in very diplomatic terms, regrets their internal commotions, thanks them for their flattering words concerning the great English Government, tells them he will write to the gracious queen about it, and in the meanwhile they must be quiet and await events. Then he gives them a good meal, with good liquors, of which they are too fond, and they leave in high spirits. The general opinion is that said island is virtually annexed to Fiji, though it may not be to England, as the home government does not seem as anxious as are the local authorities to extend their responsibilities in this direction. There is a general complaint of other nationalities having islands or trading in these seas, of the grasping and intriguing character of English transactions with the natives, and the so-called high commissioners of Fiji are at times so arbitrary in their proceedings that there is a very general desire that these islands may soon all be consolidated under some one strong power, to the end that their commercial and civil rights may be protected.

The growing importance of these islands makes them and their trade yearly more desirable, and, of course, excites the jealousy of those who come in contact in the endeavor to profit by the fund of wealth to be developed. As long as the South Seas were little known and regarded, there was not much trouble concerning them; but now the mere question of conflict of authority is one of great importance. If an American commits a crime in Samoa, for instance, his consul immediately demands his surrender with a view to trial or transfer to his own

government, and experience proves that in all such cases the criminals go scot free. There is, therefore, on the part of the resident whites and the natives an inclination to execute lynch law, because no other can reach the malefactor. If this is done the English governor of Fiji is quite likely to step in and demand the extradition of the parties engaged in this outrage, and will, perhaps, run up the English flag and threaten seizure of the island if his wishes are not complied with. The result may be the dispensation of justice, or it may be the contrary; but the whole proceeding is quite unsatisfactory and depends more on caprice and chance than on the legal course of law. For several months the Samoan Islands have been in a very disturbed state on account of feuds between native chiefs, and trouble among the native settlers, and nothing may eventually settle the trouble but the shotted guns of some war vessel. In this dilemma Sir Arthur Gordon is making a round among the islands, and those who pretend to know, expect soon to see the islands of the Navigator group annexed to England, or rather to Fiji.

The value of these Samoan Islands, for example, may be gathered from their postal intercourse with Sydney, Tasmania, Victoria, Auckland, Tonga, and San Francisco. Thousands of letters, newspapers, and books yearly reach Samoa from the above places. And the postal and trading facilities are being increased rapidly from the fact that England now sends her mail for these islands and Australia *via* New York, San Francisco, and the line of steamers from that port to Sidney *via* the islands of these Southern Seas, making some of them regular stopping places for mails and supplies of coal, water, etc. When the canal of Panama shall be a realization, a glance at the map will show how easy and direct will be the passage from England to all her possessions in the South Seas, and she is doubtless quite as eager to have this done from commercial reasons as is the famous French engineer from motives of glory. Our own access to all these islands by way of the canal through the isthmus will be very direct and easy, though it is doubtful if we shall care

to use it for other than simply commercial reasons. Our endless plains and wide-spread territory give us all the land we want, and it would be foolish, indeed, for us to entangle ourselves with possessions at a distance which would cost us more than they can be worth to us to protect them in case of war, or rule them in time of peace. It is instinctive reason that guards our people from the desire to annex distant islands. In always securing the commercial privileges of the most favored nations, we may well be satisfied to let others develop the markets for our industry.

But the day is rapidly approaching when something must be done with and for the South Sea Islanders. Without a play on words, we may safely say that they are out at sea—they are now bewildered by the rapid development and new state of things around them, and their success to themselves and the outer world depends on their consolidation into groups, at least, with a view to have a stable government and a channel whereby they may find the path to civilization. They see various nationalities coming to them and mingling with them, but they do not yet see the way to have confidence and reliance, both of which they greatly need. If they are well treated they naturally incline towards those who thus come to them as friends, and are prone to give their allegiance to such. And in this way their interest is now divided. The English missionaries have done wonders for them in teaching them humanity and Christianity, and have naturally great influence over them; and this inclines many of the islands

near the English center in Fiji to look to this power. But then, on the contrary, the German planters and traders have worked miracles in the patient transformation of many of the islands from the retreat of cannibals to the happy homes of civilized and industrious men, and as they have done this so largely in harmony with missionary labor they find comparatively no antagonisms.

With all their wide business ramifications in these islands, it would be comparatively easy for the Germans to establish a consolidated civil government; and very many of them are inclined to do so, though the government yet hesitates. But something must be done before long, for the king's business is of import and will brook no delay. The Christianizing work is hurrying on with such pace that civilizing organization is becoming a necessity. The South Sea Islands form a veritable continent; they are simply scattered over a large area, either as single islands or gathered into groups. Some of these are yet scarcely known, and are even uninhabited, while others are well populated and of controlling influence. The tendency now among the islanders themselves is toward coalition instead of the old-time antagonism. And for this purpose they need not await the heavy craft of foreign nations. They take to the water like aquatic animals, and in their light boats they skim over the sea and visit distant islands with marvelous speed and comparative safety. In this way these waifs of the Southern Seas are fast ripening for the harvest, and preparing to be gathered into the garner of Christianity and humanity.

POETICAL PREFERENCES OF PROSAIC PEOPLE.

IN these days of pottery and porcelain, antique china, and antiquated curiosities, when the tea-cups of our great-grandmothers keep cabinet company with the snuff-boxes and walking-sticks of their respected consorts, why would not a little intellectual bric-a-brac hunting be permissible, and even praiseworthy? In the days

when those sticks took "walks abroad," when those snuff-boxes were "tapped" at intervals, when those tea-cups made their evening rounds in "drawing-rooms," in company with "wafer bread and butter," and in charge of neat parlor-maids, severely simple in respect of white aprons and somewhat showy in regard to cap-ribbons, there lived

and flourished a class of people who only "dropped into poetry" in a small and unpretending way. These worthy folks voted Shakespeare "over-rated," and while they indulged in glittering generalities in regard to the "sublimity" of Milton, left that great poet in peace (and a morocco binding) on shelf or table. They pronounced Wordsworth a "prosy old thing," and ventured to admire Shelley only in elegant extracts; and banished Byron (with his brilliant verbinge and bad influence), together with those classical authors, Swift, Pope, and Addison, to the dignity and dust of hanging book-shelves in "apart" bed-rooms.

Had they then no poetical preferences? O yes; from many a richly bound annual; from many a thin but tasteful volume (offering its slim selection as a Wreath or Garland); from many a friendly album, were their favorites gathered. Copied in the daintiest of calligraphy into the manuscript-books, which then were among the possessions of most young ladies, these were read and re-read, compared, and treasured more by far than now, when the monthly march of many magazines perpetually parades a procession of new beauties to displace the old.

Take from an album, gorgeous in green and gold, this favorite of the fair owner; it might almost serve as a memorial of her:

"TO A FLOWER.

"Dawn, gentle flower, from the morning earth;
We will gaze and wonder at thy wondrous birth.
Bloom, gentle flower, lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower, fondled by the night.
Fade, gentle flower, all thy soft leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty, time 't is for repose.
Die, gentle flower, in thy silent sun;
So all pains are over, all thy tasks are done.
Day hath no more glory, though he soars so high;
Thine is man's story—live and love and die."

Here is an ancient copy-book. It requires a "long, long thought" to see in the far past two fair heads (one brown, the other golden) bend above it while these lines were read in friendly antistrophe:

First. "Which is the beauty?"

Second. "Yon maiden bright with large, dark eyes,
That glance like light o'er evening skies,
With hair in ringlets fluttering free,
And lips that move in melody."

F. "Not she; there's a beauty that lovelier glows,
Though her coral lips with melody flows."

S. "'T is that fair girl with the ivory brow
And heaven-tinged eye, I see her now;
With dancelug step and look of life,
And charms that cluster in laughing strife."

F. "Nay, nay: there's a beauty we higher prize
Than the fringed blue of those azure eyes."

S. "One like a queen, with a brilliant mind,
Her spirits attuned to thoughts refined,
With high look, soaring away, away
To ideal worlds where angels stray."

F. "Not she; there's another more beautiful still,
Though lofty visions her fancy fill."

S. "I see her; 't is goodness gilds her brow
Like light on a lily, I know her now;
I can read her heart like a shining book
In each change serene of her innocent look."

F. "Yes; this is the beauty that blooms most fair,
And will bloom for aye in life's garden of care."

Let us choose from the collection of one who on her own part essayed but once a flight into the realms of poesy. Then

"The rosebud enraptured slipped heavenly dew."

It was too much; not only she returned forever to plain prose, but any allusion to that "enraptured rosebud" was sure to disturb the usually equable temper of an excellent lady. She had a special liking for this little bit of word-painting:

"We walked by the side of a limpid stream,
Which the sun had tinged with his parting beam;
The water was still and so crystal clear,
That every spray had its image there.

And every reed that o'er it bowed,
The crimson streak and the silvery cloud,
All that was bright, all that was fair,
All that was gay was reflected there.
I took a stone that lay beside,
I cast it far o'er the glassy tide,
And gone was the charm of the pictured scene,
The sky so bright and the landscape green.

I bade them mark how an idle word,
Too lightly said but too deeply heard,
A harsh reproof, or look unkind,
May disturb the peace of a tranquil mind.

Though sweet be the peace, the holy calm,
And the heavenly beam be bright and warm
The heart, that it gilds, is all as weak
As the wave that reflects the crimson streak.

You can not impede the celestial ray
That lights the dawn of eternal day,
Yet so may you trouble the bosom it cheers
That 't will cease to be true to the image it bears."

A good modern critic would easily find faults in this little picture of a wrecked life, yet it was brought home in triumph forty years ago, and so read in a sweet sympa-

thetic voice as to draw tears to the eyes of all the listeners.

FORSAKEN.

"She was a lovely child, a thing of joy and light;
'T was sunshine when she smiled, and when she frowned
't was night.
She wedded when a girl, and he, her young heart's
choice.
Had magic in his look and music in his voice.
He soon grew cold to her, his eyes sought other eyes;
The charms which all admired, he only could not
prize.
He left her, and she tore his image from her heart:
With some last lonely tears she said, 'Let him depart.'
The world was now before her with bright and gaudy
glare,
Her mother gladly bore her its sunny scenes to share,
There the smile was on her lips, with all feeling in
control,
All was sunshine in her eyes, all was darkness in her
soul;
With the morning's bitter tear o'er the night's wild
lurid joy
Oft she strove to lull a mind which no sorrow could de-
stroy."

We did not intend to include strictly de-
votional poetry in this handful of old-time
favorites, dealing with the highest emotions
of the soul that is of no age or place; but
here is a scrap which gave great satisfaction
to a saint long since numbered with the
blessed who have found that longed for
"rest."

MANNA.

"'T is a desolate path and dreary, where we go;
The fall of our feet is weary, and, and slow;
But the glimmering hope that lightens toiling years
Is a ray of the joy that brightens holier spheres.
Sweet winds, from flower vales coming o'er the foam,
Bid those on the dark sea roaming dream of home;
Afloat on life's restless ocean, tempest driven,
We greet with a glad emotion thoughts of heaven.
As the sound of a lute string thrilleth listening ears,
As the tone of a loved voice stilleth wayward fears,
One thought on our sadness breaking gives us peace,
One word mid our tremors waking bids them cease.
When the weight of a world's woe moved him, Jesus
wept,
While the few on the earth who loved him, sadly slept;
The cross we are darkly dreading, he hath borne,
And the thorns we shrink from treading, he hath worn.
'T is well for the soul that watcheth dark hours through;
The cup of the night flower catcheth earliest dew;
It is good to suffer sorrow, such he blest;
It is good to strive, to-morrow gives us rest."

Almost any "Lines to the Evening Star"
would be returned from the "editorial
Vol. VIII—29.

rooms" of the present day with a serenely
civil circular "regretting" they were not
"available;" but less than half a century
ago, the following stanzas were "available"
to fill one of the holiest uses of true poetry,
to give apt expression to the sentiments of
those who were blessed with emotions but
lacked the power of expression:

TO THE EVENING STAR.

"Unmuffle thy fair face, sweet evening star,
My heart is teeming with a sigh to gaze
On thy pure light now lingering afar;
With the proud sunset's spirit-stirring blaze,
Unmuffle thy fair face, thy ray doth bear
A welcome balm and soothes the sting of care.
The mavis woos thee with her tuneful note
From the dark hawthorn, while the lark replies
Even with his vesper hymn, which seems to float
Like incense on the zephyrus as they rise;
The wild birds can not to their coverts flee
Till with a song of love, sweet star, they welcome thee.
All things fall hushed and tranquil, at thine hour,
Pale star of eve, and the aspiring soul
Feels thy deep influence, with the wayside flower,
Life's wrongs forgetting 'neath thy mild control;
Yea, is removed from all sad earthly fears,
Its fiery passion haply quenched in tears.
The moments thou dost brighten are more full
Of sweetness than the prouder time of day;
And thy dim glimmerings are so beautiful,
So soft the gleam of thy retiring ray
That to the spirit they appeal like sighs,
Or words of pleading love from some fair thing we prize.
Have I not gazed upon thee till mine eye
Grew, by my musings, like thee, soft and bright?
Hath not my heart, while burning mightily,
Been chastened by thy gust of vestal light,
That pierced it like religion, and revealed
What passion threw to shade or pride perchance con-
cealed?
Have I not wandered with thee till my breast
Hath lost its fever on the silent air,
And each wild thought hath calmly sunk to rest,
Pillowed upon the down of evening prayer,
While holy nature seemed one temple vast,
And thou the priestess till the vision passed?
Have I not lingered with thee, till my soul
Grew too exalted for its prisoning clay,
And spurning earthly fetters of control,
Dove-like, hath longed to wing itself away
Beyond the reach of love, the throb of pain,
Beyond the all that grieves, the all that could complain?
And have I not felt comfort, solace, peace,
Too deep for idle poetry to tell,
From that high Power whose love can never cease,
Though souls may dare and hearts may still rebel?
And have not hopes been born beneath the ray
Too pure for age to kill or time to steal away?"

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK."

O N the threshold of a heart of stone,
Waiting all alone,
While for guests that clamored at the gate—
Coming soon or late—
Guests, in robes of pleasure, joy, or pride,
Swift it opened wide,
And behind these, masked and treacherous, sin
Stealthily crept in.

Then the chambers rang with joy and shout;
Yet I stood without.
While the brave guests rioted at will,
I was waiting still,
Waiting, till the dews of night were shed
On my bended head,
Till my feet were weary and my heart
Throbbled with cruel smart.

Yet my nail-pierced hands, bruised on the rock,
Never ceased to knock,
And my pleading lips could not be dumb,
Though none answered, "Come."
No one hastened to throw wide the door,
Though the gifts I bore
Would, with wondrous wealth of love and grace,
Have enriched the place.

While I lingered, through the cloudy night,
Suddenly the light
Flashing from the casements paled, and gloom
Fell on every room.
Feast and mirth and rioting were done;
Frightened every one,
Fled the merry guest that dwelt within,
Leaving only sin.

Sin wooed pain for a companion there;
Wedded by despair
Now they rule within the stony heart,
And will not depart.
And although the gloom is damp and chill,
I am waiting still,
Waiting, with my locks with night-dews wet,
Loving, knocking yet.

And my listening ear shall catch the cry
Coming, by and by;
When the stricken soul begins its prayer,
Then I shall be there,
Ready, when the stony heart shall break,
Mine own place to take;
Not upon the threshold, but the throne,
I shall reign alone!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

A PROSE IDYL.

PRELUDE.

To fail to devote the dog-days to the pleasures (or labors) of a "vacation," would be quite out of the fashion, and yet a monthly magazine can not omit its issue for November, the preparation for which is the allotted task for this season. What then can be done? After much reflection we have resolved as an expedient, to adopt a not unusual literary fiction, and "play" going to the country, and ostensibly writing our "Study" among its scenes and surroundings. In this manner the English essayists of a hundred years ago wrote Chinese and Persian letters, and the poets sang Indian and South American songs; on this plan, too, some of our modern newspaper correspondents date their letters, "Up the River," or "Under a Bridge," or from "Owl Creek," though doubtless they are all written in the dingy little garrets in the city which are dignified with the title of offices. In like manner this, our monthly "Study," is supposed to be written among "green fields and pastures new," beneath umbrageous trees, amid the quiet hushiness of an August or September morning, and to the accompaniments of the humming of bees and the harpings of locusts and crickets. The reader's imagination must be chiefly relied on to complete the scenery, since we can make but small pretensions in that direction.

It has seemed to our fancy that there is something peculiarly fascinating in the aspects of the earth and air during these last days of Summer and those of early Autumn. It is said, indeed, that each season has its own proper charms, and it is sometimes intimated that these about balance each other, so that "all please alike." But that is not our experience in the case. It may seem very philosophical to thus attempt a kind of equation of good and ill, for the several times and places and

conditions in which people are compelled to subsist; but, for our own part, while endeavoring to get along comfortably in all cases we have never yet found out that "December is as pleasant as May," and we prefer the dreamy days of early Autumn to either.

There often seems to be a kind of correspondence and responsive influence of the autumnal landscape and the atmosphere with its clouds and haze and shadows. The earth certainly appears to better advantage when canopied by the soft blue sky, with its lazily drifting clouds and diversified with mingled sunshine and shadows, than when darkened by storm clouds or wrapped in mists and swept by tornadoes. And so, too, the aspects of the sky and the clouds and of the sunlit atmosphere are not a little affected by the face of the country under them. There is especially a peculiar gentleness and beauty, sometimes verging into grandeur, when Summer abating somewhat its fervors, the season of growth passes into that of ripening fruition. Then the sun seems to shine with a softer radiance, the atmosphere become silvery and luminous, and the scattered clouds float quietly through the upper air, casting their shadows on fields and forests and lakes and mountain sides. A cheerful sobriety, a sense of satisfied completeness, seems to pervade the world of nature and of life, which contrasts altogether favorably with the unsatisfied reaching after the unattainable, which characterizes the Spring-time.

But our (supposed) place of writing has not been given. We make haste to supply the omission. We might designate it with its occupant, in classic phrase, *Recubans sub tegmine fagi*, only that our *fagus* is an *ulmus*, and its *tegmen* is not so complete but that the sun's rays occasionally find an opening through which they force a passage. But as the fox, who when chased by the dogs sheltered himself among the brambles, and consented to endure

their sharpness without complaining for the sake of the safety they afforded, so must we endure these slight infelicities with cheerfulness,—a kind of philosophy as needful for Summer pleasure-seekers as for hunted foxes.

This going to the country in Summer-time is not a modern invention, but instead it is only a long disused custom of the ancients revived and renewed in these later times—one of the lost arts rediscovered. And in these olden days, as is now the case, the rusticators were accustomed to regale their stay-at-home friends with accounts of shades and meadows, of babbling brooks and humming bees, and contrasting these with the heat and dust and confusion and vexations of the city. So Horace wrote to Mæcenas from his rural villa to remind that great minister of state of the hot weather and the dry days, *dies siccos*, and to picture to him the weary shepherd with his languid flock, *grege languido*, seeking the shades and the river's banks which softly woo the gentle breeze, while that great man was in the city caring for the public welfare, and studying the intrigues of distant enemies. How like all this sounds to something sent back by some of our pleasure hunters in the country is quite obvious, and because one happens to know in about what proportion these things are made up of facts and of fancies, he is tempted to pronounce that same Horace a bore, and his Sabine sent among the hills a humbug. And yet we should be slow to declare that all country rambling in the dog-days is a fruitless pursuit of enjoyment.

But the reader must be more formally and fully introduced to our sheltering elm tree, which is itself an affair altogether worthy of such attentions. It is, indeed, a member of an illustrious family, for the American elms may rank with the sacred oaks of Mona, or the Scandinavian ash. Though an autochthon of the American forest, where it was found holding its way in the struggle for existence among the oaks, birches, maples, and hickories, it failed to realize its own best possibilities till taken under the protection of man. The Pilgrim Fathers found it in its wildness, and adopted into their commonwealth, and seem to have made it one of their local institutions, along with the meeting-house and the school-house. It responded grandly to their favors, and though, like every thing else that

dates from Massachusetts, it is contending for national recognition, and is becoming naturalized on the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, and on the shores of the Pacific, yet nowhere outside of New England does it reach so great a magnitude nor endure through such long periods of time. The identical trees that were planted by the Endicotts and Winthrop and Entons more than two hundred years ago, waved their pendant branches over the graves of their great-grandchildren, and while they seem to weep for the departed generations, they also stand as the emblems of their immortality and the monuments of their renown. And this same old tree, could it speak to us, might tell us stories of the olden time, though probably not in every point just as they appear in the books. What tales of Indian councils and of raids upon the towns! and at a later day, of "training" days, and "election" parades, of the godly and earnest men of the colonial times and their equally earnest but always modest helpmates; of village lovers strolling by moonlight under its branches, and of playful children whom even Puritanical rigors could not effectually forbid to play and laugh. Perhaps these very branches swayed to the breeze, and sent back the echoes when first the old church bell responded to the news of the feats of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, or rang out its requiem for the martyred dead. It had its life's morning, as we poor humans have, when "the dew lay all night on its branches" and its coevals were flourishing around it, but these have succumbed in succession to the storm, the lightning, and the ax of the woodman. The men and the houses and the trees of its earlier associations have passed away, and this alone remains, a waif on the stream of time—not old, but full of years. And though it will never relate its own history, yet it ever seems to be essaying to do so, as with its sadly pleasing sough it responds to the passing breeze, which, while the thermometer stands among the nineties, steals gently over the landscape.

CANTO FIRST.

To any who is able to read them the aspect of the external world presents an infallible record of the changes of the season. Although Summer seems to glide into Autumn by almost imperceptible changes, yet to a practiced

eye each period of half a week indicates certain well defined transitions. The terms of the flowers of Autumn are as definitely timed as are those of Spring. The hyacinth and tulips have long since disappeared, and just after them the roses and the whole troop of Summer beauties; but the verbenas grow more brilliant with the passing of the season, and the gallant sunflowers flaunt their yellow petals with a freedom that may almost look the sun out of countenance, and the altheas flame out on the lawns and roadsides. The lobelias, phloxes, and dahlias seem to hold themselves in reserve till after the fervors of midsummer, and then they strive to compensate for their delay by the fullness of their blooming. Then, too, the white clematis reveals its presence in the swampy thickets; and along the marine marshes, disputing over the space with the cat-tails, is seen the brilliant hibiscus.

And now as Summer passes so silently into Autumn comes the advent of the golden season of the orchards and vineyards. The cherries are long since gone, and the earlier apples and pears have also had their season; for like most other precocious things their beauty and excellence are but for a little while. But the later comers, destined for use when the overflowing abundance of the season shall have passed, are most interesting because they have a promise in them. The vine just now displays its largest fruitage, and its purple clusters tell of the fatness of the land. Over all the green landscape comes a soberer tint than that of midsummer—the standing corn, the grasses of the pastures and meadows, and the foliage of the orchards and forests all blend into a russet brown, flecked here and there with the red and yellow of the early changing leaves. A few varieties of shrubs and climbing vines begin to put on their bright colors. All along the hedge-rows and upon the rocky hill-sides the sumach begins to display its crimson heads and its yellow and orange feathery leaflets. The saffron presently changes the shining dark green of its Summer clothing for a soft and delicate yellow. The many varieties of the cornus, or dogwood family, make themselves conspicuous by their ruddy foliage and their bright colored berries—red, white, and blue. The Virginia creeper, scarcely noticed at all during the Summer, now seems

to be every-where. It forms a thatch upon old walls, or hangs in gay festoons from the rails, or creeps over piles of stones, and climbs into the old trees, either rooting in the bark or clambering among the branches, where, in the early days of Autumn, it reveals its presence by the bright colors of its leaves and berries. It seems especially to fancy the cedars that grow among the rocks, winding its way among the dense, needle-like foliage, and in time making it the somber background from which to set off its own brightness. Of the larger trees the tupelo (or pepperidge) is among the first to deck itself in its bright robes, in which to greet the coming Autumn, while individual specimens of the ash and maple follow close after. These are the outriders of the season, that proceed in advance to herald the coming of the goddess of the full-aged year, and the first of the bright troop that is to follow in her train.

The red berries also begin to appear on some of the trees and shrubs, and on others the green clusters are only awaiting the action of the frost to deepen their colors and to mature their substance. The chestnut-burs are seen and readily recognized by their soft greenness upon a groundwork of dark-shaded leaves, and the rough hickory balls, though still unyielding, only await the touch of the hoarfrost to persuade them to blossom into generous self-surrender. The cornfields wave in the wind and rustle their long blades together, giving signs of approaching ripeness; while the buckwheat up the hill-sides, deepening its shades from the virgin whiteness of a few days since, is passing into a brown and earthy redness. All nature is still full of life, but it has neither the vivacity of Spring-time nor the fervors of Summer; but better than either, it is strong and rich, and full of the best results of the past—an emblem of man, no longer young, and yet in the vigor of his manhood, sober and rich in thought, and mellowed by experience into generous benignity of heart and manners.

The songs of the birds, whose orchestra cheered the Spring-time and blended its harmony with the humming of the insects of Summer has almost entirely ceased, and the exemplary monogamy of that season has become merged into the most unconventional gregariousness. The swallows have all gone

from the barns and the clay banks. We saw them gathering in straggling flocks, now sweeping over the smooth meadows, and now settling in companies on the barn-roofs, the telegraph-wires, and on the branches of some dead trees on the hill-sides. But soon after the last days of Summer they are seen no more. It is ascertained by careful observations that at a point where the Hudson River is crossed by the forty-second degree of north latitude—a little below the Highlands—the swallows uniformly make their appearance on the fifth day of May, and almost as certainly disappear about the tenth of September. The bobolinks, having first put off their gay clothing and become merely buntings, have departed Southward to pass the Winter in the swamps and rice-fields of Carolina and along the Gulf of Mexico; and the song sparrows and blackbirds, the orioles, and most of the thrushes, either have gone with them, or are evidently preparing to follow. But the noblest of all the thrushes, the American robins, linger long and late among us, regaling themselves with the abundant fruitage of the season. And with them are also the bluebirds, some of whom do not migrate, and the meadow-larks, and some, not all, of the woodpeckers, clothed in their beautiful mottled plumage. The jays and crows, the chickadees and a few others, fight out the whole season, or retreat but slowly before the fiercest onsets of Winter.

This, too, is the frolic season of the insect tribes—the brief age of all the year for grasshoppers, locusts, and katydids. Crickets are perennials, either in the fields or under the hearth-stones. Six weeks before the first frost, says the old maxim, you may hear the first katydid slowly and sullenly rasping out its complaint against the unlucky breaker of the bottle. Soon the tones of crimination become quicker and sharper, and at length contradiction responds to scolding, and through forty livelong nights the fray proceeds, till the autumnal hour-frost imposes a general silence. The notes of the gryllaceous race, near the end of dogdays, make up no mean concert—all the more pleasing on account of its naturalness and the entire absence of affectation in the performers. The green locust is a daytime performer, the boldness of whose touch and the briskness of the movements of his melodies are sure to attract the attention of

all within hearing. A great variety of gauze-winged, reed-organ players may be heard just as the evening shades begin to come on. But of all these harpers, the mole cricket, though often heard yet very seldom seen, is especially worthy of notice. Its note, though quite loud and firm, is very low—five octaves below an ordinary human voice, and without variations. It is first heard toward the latter part of July, and continues till silenced by the frost. It inhabits damp places, burrowing a little way in the earth or hiding among rubbish, and sings as the sun goes down, and till darkness shuts the gates of day. The country people call it the "Fall-bug," and interpret its solemn notes as a warning to prepare for the approach of Winter.

CANTO SECOND.

The middle days of October are here; but so quietly has the month stolen upon us, without October's usual gusts and drenching rains, that but for certain unmistakable indications in nature's almanac one might readily forget that the season is so far advanced. A protracted drought has given the landscape the aspect of a parched heath, and to the same cause may be attributed the unusually early ripening of the nuts and other late fruits. But the foliage of most of the forest trees has retained its greenness to quite the usual time for change. A frosty morning, nearly a week ago, came upon us as the advance courier of Winter, but the beautiful day that followed made us almost forget that we had had a frost. True, the dahlias and the morning glories show the touch of his cold fingers; and in the kitchen-garden the tomatoes and the lima beans give signs that he has been there. Still, the balmy softness of the air is that of the first rather than the second month of Autumn. Last evening the fire went out in the sitting-room, and to-day we throw open the doors and windows, and find the temptation to bathe in the glorious sunlight and to drink in the delicious out-door air quite irresistible.

There are usually certain aspects of the atmosphere at each season, so clearly marked, that one accustomed to observe them would be able to tell the time of year, though just awakened from a sleep like that of Rip Van Winkle, or brought into the open day after an incarceration like that of the prisoner of Chillon. The face of the sky differs with the chang-

ing seasons. June and September have usually about the same temperature, but the aspects of the atmosphere during the two months are very different. There is a state of the air and the clouds, of the dawns and the twilights, that is known as characteristically Octoberish. The deep blue of the sky, sometimes seen through piled-up cliffs and battlements of dark clouds, is an unmistakable characteristic of the season. The warm sunshine struggles successfully against the advance of the autumnal blasts and chilling rains, and the atmosphere, passing away from its Septemberish dreaminess, seems not yet ready to put on the weird haziness of the Indian Summer. This is, perhaps, October upon its good behavior.

But this peculiar condition of the meteorology of the times does not unfavorably interfere with the autumnal splendors that belong especially to this month. The late blooming plants made good time this year, and, hastened probably somewhat by the drought, by the end of September the short and joyous season of most of them was nearly complete. The forests, however, still retained their greenness with comparatively little change. Here and there might be seen a tree or shrub faintly blushing into redness or fading into yellow; but generally the aspect of the closing days of Summer remained till after the first week in October. And then came the first frost of the season. It was enough. The trees had most respectfully waited for its advent; and now, without further delay, they proceed to array themselves in their gorgeous colors, preparatory to the great change about to come over them. The transformation was almost magical, so rapidly made, and so marked and full. Seldom have the hues of Autumn been so deep and bright as they are this year. The rugged mountain sides, and the long reaches of the valleys and wooded intervals are all aflame with the gay colorings of Autumn.

It is curious and interesting for one having sufficient acquaintance with the *dendrology* (pardon the big word) of the locality to look out upon the landscape—forests, fields, and lawns—and detect the various kinds of trees by the peculiar tints assumed by their foliage. Nobody could fail to recognize the maples, with their leaves of flame, or of blended orange and softest yellow, mingled with green. The maples form a conspicuous element in the

drapery of October. The soft variety abounds in the swamps and lowlands, and as in early spring it heralds the coming of the season of renewed life and beauty by its crimson twigs and flowers, so in Autumn its blood-red leaves are the harbinger of coming Winter. The sugar-maple is usually a little later in its changes, but it is only second to its gentler sister in the conspicuous beauty of both its vernal and autumnal adornments. Now it may be seen towering high among the forest trees, radiant with mingled gold and flame, or by the roadside, or on the lawn, clothing the landscape with gorgeous beauty. Few of our native trees are more valuable in point of utility, and scarcely another so beautiful, as the maple. Unambitious, and but little celebrated either in song or story, it is a queen among the denizens of the forest.

The largest and most hardy of the forest trees are for the most part least rapidly affected by the changes of the season. The oaks do not assume so bright colors as many other trees, though some of its varieties retain their splendors till November; the chestnuts become faintly yellow, the birches part with their leaves unostentatiously, and the ashes, latest in Spring to put out their long leaflets, are first in Autumn to lay aside, with but little display, the covering they have worn but a few short months. Some of the sub-varieties of the hickory appear in a fine and rich yellow, and their broad leaflets are often seen scattered upon the ground, still retaining their gay coloring. The mingling of the deciduous trees with their gay parti-colored foliage, along the hill side, with the dark evergreens, forms a curious and not unpleasant combination of colors, so making gigantic bouquets. The maples and oaks and chestnuts, during all the Summer, stand mixed with pines and hemlocks and cedars in undistinguished masses; but with the changes brought about at Autumn, their differences appear, and the contrast is most remarkable. Whole mountain sides are seen mottled and streaked with the gay colors of the deciduous foliage, harmoniously intermingled with the sober shades of the unchanging evergreens.

September's parting gifts to her younger sister comprised, among many more substantial things, a rich and varied bouquet of choice flowers. There were golden rods in great variety, and countless asters and artemisias, and

heliathuses, and blue and scarlet lobelias, to say nothing of "the last rose of Summer," and best and rarest of all, the yet unopened bud-dings of the fringed gentians,

"That blossoms bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That opens when the quiet light
Succeeds the keenly frosty night;
That waiteth late, and comes alone
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortened days portend
The aged year is near its end."

One experiences a peculiar pleasure in finding a bed of these fine flowers in some cool and shady recess, apparently the least possibly adapted for the production of so much delicate beauty, and at a time in the year when almost all other floral beauties have passed away. It is not strange that such a sentimental lover of nature as was Bryant should see in it an emblem of "hope blossoming in the heart," and looking up to heaven.

Of the Summer herbs only a single one enters the lists to compete with their hardier cousins in the strife of autumnal adornment. The poke-weed makes the brave adventure, and is by no means the least successful of the contestants. Its great size and stately proportions entitle it to a recognition among the ornaments of the autumnal landscape. Gradually as the season declines, its snps seem to change to blood. Its long racemes of berries become transparent sanguineous sacks. Soon its smaller stems take on the same color, and by rapid degrees the whole plant, the leaves and the stalks, as well as the fruit, becomes blood-red. But the frost makes rapid work with them, and before Autumn passes the scepter over to Winter the poke-weed has become a sadly defaced beauty.

All these gorgeous beauties are doomed very soon to pass away. October's glories, like those of May, are but transitory. But while those of May are like the joys of the youthful bride, full of earthly hope, the glories of October resemble the beauties of old age, displaying the graces of wisdom and of faith, and blossoming for immortality beyond the grave.

CANTO THIRD.

In the name and in behalf of our American Autumn, we wish to denunciate, and protest most respectfully, but earnestly, against Tom

Hood's indictment of many counts against the closing month of the natural year:

"No sun—no moon,
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day.
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue;
No road—no street—no 't other side the way.
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go;
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people;
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em.
No travelling at all—no locomotion:
No linking of the way—no notion—
"No go," by land or ocean.
No mail—no post—
No news from any coast.
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility;
No company—no nobility.
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no heartfelt ease;
No comfortable feel in any member.
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees;
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
November."

All this may possibly be sufficiently accurate as respects the climate for which it was written, but borne across the ocean and applied to the American month of Thanksgiving, it is not only incorrect as to its facts, but grossly libelous. But we are not disposed to quarrel with any body just now, and especially not with the genial author of "Flowers" and "Morning Meditations." Of these his pictures are sufficiently true to nature; and quite possibly that other picture is only a correct statement of what may sometimes be seen in the British metropolis. But such is not our American November, as the picture we will now present, drawn from nature, will attest.

We write at our place of temporary sojourn in the country. To linger so late we know is not according to the rules of fashionable rusticators from the city, who make a six weeks' season, and as soon as the first fresh breath of Autumn tells of the downward tendency of the year take speedy flight for the city. But we learned a good many years ago that the autumnal months are inferior to no other part of the year for real enjoyableness among rural surroundings. The weather has been especially agreeable; but little rain has fallen, and though there have been some rough days, there have been but few without their pleasant sunshine. Once or twice we have had most decided premonitory symptoms of coming Winter, in the shape of frosts and ice and

flattering snow-flakes. But to-day all these are forgotten, and we are bathing in the delicious atmosphere and lazily inhaling the languid vapors of the Indian Summer.

There is a world of romance about this peculiarly American season. The strange commingling of some of the features of both Summer and Winter strikes one oddly; and by a method more direct than any logical process, the peculiar condition of the elements induces a dreaminess of the spirit that invites to fanciful and poetic musings. It is that peculiar influence more than any thing recognized by the senses, that has attracted the attention of poets and imaginative writers to this season. Early explorers of this country, especially in the region of the great lakes, noticed this peculiar season, so unlike any thing known in Europe. The Jesuit missionaries in the North-west were surprised and delighted with the fine warm days of the later Autumn, and the more so when they found that with each year the same warm season with its hazy atmosphere regularly occurred; and as, at that early period, every thing specifically American received the epithet "Indian," this peculiar season was called "Indian Summer."

Led chiefly by the accident of the name, people have come to associate this season with the American aborigines. That to a people of their habits such a season would be peculiarly grateful is quite probable; nor is it unlikely that by the tribes residing about the great lakes it was regarded as the time for their autumnal migrations. Its tendency to induce a dreaminess of spirit would itself render it especially grateful to those solitary, impassive, and yet strangely poetical savages; nor is it more than might have been anticipated, that this meteorological wonder of our climate should be by them interwoven with their wild and weird legends. The north-western tribes, the descendants of Hinwatha and Minnehaha, regarded the Indian Summer as the special gift of their most powerful and benignant deity, who owned the south-west wind, and who at this season in kindness revisited his children of the forest previous to retiring before the rude blasts of the north. The peculiar religious faith of the more contemplative of these children of nature was no doubt elevated and intensified by the influence of this season, and as faith usually finds

or feigns an object for its own action, the ascription of this climatic phenomenon to a special mythological cause is, in the circumstance, entirely natural.

But happily for us we have not to go to remote prairies and inland seas to find the Indian Summer, nor do we need the aid of Indian legends to heighten its pleasure. It is now upon us just here, in as high a state of perfection as was ever realized by savage "medicine man" or "prophet," or by Jesuit "father," in the palmiest days of American romance. With the beginning of the second ten days of the much-abused month of November, after a short season of crisp frosts and solid ice, came the gentle zephyrs, with bland sunshine and dim, smoky skies. The fire on the hearth by degrees grew fainter, and at length went out. The passers through the door strangely forgot to shut them, and somehow the window-sashes got lifted. An unrecognized but effective inclination to get into the open air possesses each one—not to work, nor to play, but to saunter leisurely, to sit languidly building castles in the air, far up among the smoke and motionless clouds. For the week, long, but all too short, we have drunk in the sober sweets of this strange season.

The elm-tree shade, to which the reader has been introduced, no longer stands us in stead; first, because it has ceased to be a shade, and next because there is no longer any need of its friendly offices. And at least one fact of the peculiar blessedness of the divine favor is just now and here realized to us, for, while lazily reclining on this green sward, we find the truth of the promise that "the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." Though not very far gone in the afternoon, the day seems already to be rapidly hastening to its close, as the sun, a vast disk of fire, hangs over the south-western horizon. A little way before us stands a tall hickory, of the "shag-bark" variety, spared and protected no doubt, while the companions of its saplinghood have all fallen before the march of "improvement," on account of the excellence of its fruitage, which, however, for this year has all been garnered, and only the rough husks remain to tell of its abundance. Looking out from this moss bank across the open grounds, some fine specimens of ballooning and kite-

flying may be seen. The thistle-down, having rendered the service allotted to it—to bear away its seeds and drop them where they may find a proper soil in which to germinate—now floats at leisure in the air impelled by the gentle breeze, and illuminated by the sunshine; and from the tree-tops long lines of spiders' threads stretch out in horizontal lines through air, waving and swaying before the passing currents of air. Some curious naturalist may ask how these long lines were spun and stretched out over the empty space; but we are not disposed to speculate upon such matters. Having fairly attained to the blissful quietness which accepts in its most literal sense the injunction, "Be careful for nothing," we have no mind to be drawn away from it by any vain speculations.

But this supplemental Summer as compared with the real one, presents some marked contrasts. The absence of both vegetable and animal life is especially remarkable. The foliage that clothed the forests in Summer, and only a month ago decked the landscape in gorgeous colorings, has disappeared. The trees stand in their undress, stretching their long limbs in the soft air, and at a little distance blending their dull tints with those of the atmosphere. No other aspect of the season seems to our notion so strange and unearthly as this. It looks as if Summer, retreating southward, had suddenly turned back to see how the world appears when she is away, and coming back had mingled her own genial warmth with the nakedness of the season. On this gentle atmosphere no note of bird or insect is borne. The birds of passage have followed the Summer in her southward journey, but they come not back with her on her hasty return. The hum of the bees is not heard in this balmy air, nor the chirp of the insects among the withered herbage. This silence, though in keeping with all other elements of the season, becomes painful from its intensity. One is reminded by it of the picture presented by the poet:

"When ships were drifting with their dead
To shores where all was dumb."

But the absence of insect life is not complete. About the piazza and on the out-buildings are signs of abortive attempts to inaugurate

Spring before the Winter has done its work. Great blue bottle flies are buzzing at the windows or basking in the sunshine; the "burly, dozing, humble bee," awakes from his incipient hybernation, and comes abroad to see for himself, whether this is indeed the Spring or only its counterfeit; and the wasps—most undesired intruders into our country homes—that a month ago were all abroad searching for Winter-quarters, have felt the mild breath of the day, and quitting their hiding places under the clapboards, or among the shingles of the roofs, or behind the scaly bark of the trees, dash fearfully about the house fronts and obtrude unasked into the open doors and windows. Sometimes, indeed, their salutations are a little too pointed. Think you that Uncle Toby, so celebrated for sparing the life of the fly that "bothered" him at dinner, would have been equally merciful had the intruder been a wasp?

Already, as we have intimated, this interpolation of warm weather into a portion of the year that seems to belong rather to Winter has lasted a full week. We value it, and are thankful for it, and none the less because we know it will not continue. The north wind will awake to assert its dominion; and before many days shall come and go, this beautiful sunshine may give place to frosts and snows and storms. But every fine day outside of the usual time is so much gain. It is wise, therefore, to enjoy what is thus given, nor suffer one's self to be spoiled of its profits by the shadow of evils to come. *Dum vivimus vivamus.*

And now, over against Tom Hood's indictment of November, we will place the estimate of one, himself one of nature's priests and interpreters.

"Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun,
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth the land winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare,
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose Summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely of her beauteous race the last;—
Yet a few sunny days in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray;—
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing Winter frost, and winds, and darkened air."
—BRYANT.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

OYSTER PARC IN BRITANNY.—Europeans are waking up to the development of a branch of pisciculture for which our own country has been very long distinguished. A recent correspondent of a London paper writes: "I went to this 'parc' a day or two ago, and now consider myself quite learned in the matter of oysters, so I will put down what I learned. Of course I saw it at low water, for the whole affair is down in the deep at high water. First, there are a series of walls, about two feet high and eighteen inches broad, which appear to be constructed to keep the peace among the oysters, or in other words, to prevent currents and storms disturbing their tranquil lives. Inside these walls are a series of little houses, constructed rapidly, by putting together, much as soldiers stack their muskets, half a dozen tiles, rather narrow, and thickly covered with lime. These tiles receive the milk or spat of the other oysters, which, adhering to them, remains and grows into the oysters, which some day are to be carried away as seed, or as future mothers in a future bed. I saw oysters at all stages of their growth; tiny little specks of this year, babies a year old, young people of two years, and others ready for eating or deporting, of three, four, and five years' growth. As a rule, they are not eaten until they are three years old, but dredgers would not reject those of two years, although at that age they would be small. Oysters are quiet people, and only ask to be let alone. They never move from the spot on which they are deposited; yet, like all other quiet people, they have very unquiet enemies, which not only disturb their lives, but even destroy them. One of these enemies is sought for with great eagerness by the guardian of the 'parc,' as it is most deadly, and devastates his beds. It is a small whelk (called *Lusina biquornea*), in a spiral shell, which fastens on and bores a hole through the shell, until it reaches the oyster, upon which it feeds until there is no more oyster left. I saw many of the shells of the unfortunates which had been thus penetrated and devoured; and I saw several of the little whelks which had killed them. They did not appear to possess any

weapons, or to be any thing but little innocents, which is the deceptive character of the outside appearance of both men and fishes."

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—Another old prophecy has gone the way of all uninspired predictions. Cologne Cathedral, the everlasting incompleteness of which was as well demonstrated as the future condition of any thing could be, has just been completed, six hundred and sixty-two years having passed since its commencement. Six hundred years is certainly what Charles II would have called an "unconscionable time" to take in building any thing. And the period was long enough for prophecy to crystallize into some hardness and consistency. The jealousy of Satan, which has, in the superstitious belief of the low cultured Germans of the Romish Church, so notoriously hindered the completion of the work hitherto, has been lulled, and by permission of the enemy of mankind the great temple is finished. As a correspondent informs us, the grandeur of the ceremony was marred by the absence of the archbishop, who is in exile on account of a difference with the German Government on the limits of secular authority. But the end of this magnificent work is an event of universal interest. To say nothing of the year 1248, the completion of a building which was interrupted by the Thirty Years' War is a sufficiently striking event. The thousands who have entered with reverential awe the vast cathedral in which an ordinary village would seem lost, will be impressed by the consummation of the interrupted labor of centuries. It is a pity that this great temple of the Lord, built as largely by Protestant as by Roman money, should now be left in papal hands, and that the emperor of Germany went to Cologne to be present at the dedication of a Romish house of worship at a time when Protestantism is stronger in South Germany than it has ever been since Luther thundered the truth in the face of another German emperor, whom history calls Charles V. But the Germans have the cathedral completed, and who knows how soon it may really be turned into a house of worship for evangelical Christians? In the

mean time let us appreciate the work, and be glad that one of the most perfect patterns of Gothic architecture stands complete to point centuries to come to the wonderful power of our Teutonic ancestry, and that superstition has no longer the devil's power to fear.

EUGÉNIE.—Determined to pilgrimage to the spot where her son had fallen, Eugénie proceeded on foot into the South African Valley, to the place where her son's body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but she persisted in walking. In the distance gleamed the white monument, thrown in sharp relief by the dark background; but it only seemed to catch the eye of the empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as in supplication toward heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, worn with sorrow and vigils; she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repented the prayers for the dead, and the servant, Lomas, who had been an eye-witness, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. The tents were pitched in the valley, and the empress stayed there for two days. On the following day she went to Fort Napoleon, and thence to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day visited the field of Isandula, and prayed with the Englishwomen who had come there to mourn their husbands and brothers.

CAPITAL OF PALESTINE.—Jerusalem, according to British consular reports, is a growing town. The foreign Hebrew population is now estimated at fifteen thousand, including native Jews, against ten thousand in 1873. The desire to avoid compulsory military service, now enforced in most European countries, and the right of holding real property in Turkey, conceded to foreign subjects by the protocol of 1868, probably account for the increased immigration. The German colony at Jerusalem now numbers nearly four hundred persons; that at Jaffa about three hundred. There is a third German settlement at Caiffa of about equal number with the last mentioned. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers, and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous. The chief industries remain what they were—the manufacture of oil, soap, and articles in olive

wood and mother of pearl. The production of the latter articles has greatly increased, and the sale is no longer confined to visitors and pilgrims, large quantities being exported to Europe and America.

NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN.—There is no country outside of European society where journalism makes greater strides than among the Japanese. They are said to have a keen relish for news and gossip, and like both none the less for being seasoned with scandal. The best of the several hundred newspapers of the empire are published in Tokio. They embrace journals of every description, from the heavy political *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, to the sensational police news gazette, the *Horitsu Mondo*, and the comic paper, *Maru Maru Chimbun*. The Japanese joke is very deep in meaning, and much is left to the imagination. At the time of the visit of General Grant, who was called "*Ran-San*" by the people, a cartoon appeared, which was simply a picture of the Chinese grass called *ran*, with this legend: "Owing to the fashionable rage for this specimen of foreign horticulture, the population has wasted a great deal of money." Not bad on our national pride nor on Ulysses S.

PARISIAN JOURNALISTS ON GAMBETTA.—The journals of Paris have conferred upon Gambetta the old-time title of Dictator. The *Soleil* complains that every sentence of his recent speech begins and ends with the personal pronoun. "For us," it adds, "who are not republicans, it is an unspeakable delight to find these three hundred Brutuses bending low before this bourgeois Cæsar, this civilian Bonaparte, this Louis Quatorze of democracy. Gambetta has been wittily described as the emperor of the republic. He is more than that, he is the republic itself. When his friends, or we should say his subjects, flocked round to congratulate him they might have said with perfect truth, '*Ave Gambetta! Servituri te salutant*;' and instead of concluding his speech with the utterance, '*Il n'y a qu'une république, il n'y a qu'une France*,' he might have said 'I am the republic—I am France.'" The *Pays* heads an article, "Gambetta Dictateur;" the *Estafette* varies the formula to "Gambetta Auguste;" the *Ordre* calls him "The Master;" while the *Liberté* gives to its remarks the title of "*Ecce Homo*," and an

nonces that the dictator of the future stands revealed.

SOCIETY AMONG CROWNED HEADS.—The families of Leopold of Belgium and of Victoria of England maintain a close friendship. When visits are not going on there is an interchange of little gifts, chiefly biscuits and game. A few years ago Queen Victoria, being at Laeken, took a fancy to some very nice biscuits made by the royal cook, and as they were not to be procured any where else than at Queen Marie Henriette's table, her majesty begged that some might be sent her occasion-

ally. Accordingly, once a fortnight the queen's messenger, who travels from England to Berlin with the private letters of the English court, stops at Brussels on his way home, and takes a box of the famous biscuits, in return for which the queen and Prince of Wales send to Brussels all through the Winter immense hampers of game and venison. Scarcely any other game is eaten by the king except that which comes from the royal English preserves, for Leopold II is no sportsman, and the crack of a breech-loader never sounds within earshot of any place where he resides, nor has he parks of deer in which he may sport.

ART.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE official announcement of the completion of the Cologne Cathedral is an event worthy of much more extended notice than our limited space will allow. It is usually conceded that this cathedral is the largest and in most respects the best example of Gothic architecture in the world. Next to St. Peter's it has, probably, awakened a more general interest than any single cathedral of Europe. Commenced about five hundred and thirty years ago, its completion is but just now announced. To bring the grand conception of the original architect to an actual, visible, reality has been the peculiar longing of the German people. Princes have become its generous patrons; the mass of the people have made their votive offerings through the long centuries; guilds have devoted their skill and wealth to its enriching; the Germans, widely separated from Father-land, have remembered it, both Catholics and Protestants have here found a common platform for friendship and harmony of effort. At times the most earnest became despairing of its completion. While added courses of masonry promised much, the repairs of foundations and art excursions absorbed a mint of money, and the work was painfully delayed. During the present century, however, great munificence has characterized the princes of Germany, especially the royal house of Prussia. King Frederick William III began repairs in 1830, and the construction was resumed by Frederick William IV. These gifts from the

private revenues of kings stimulated the government to make generous appropriations, and these in turn resulted in the formation of cathedral building associations among the German people in all parts of the world. Thus has the work been pushed forward to completion during the last half century, and it now stands as a marvelous monument of religious devotion and art adoration. The completion of such a building, in which have been absorbed such untold sums of money drawn from all classes and conditions of society, and through a succession of phases of civilization almost totally dissimilar, suggests to thoughtful men many serious questions of æsthetic and religious import. What has been the impelling motive of the generous donors during these centuries? Conceived and planned under the pontificate of Innocent IV during his tremendous struggle with Frederick of Germany, at the very time when Macaulay says the papacy was "a legitimate and salutary guardianship," and during the period which Müller calls "a thousand years of revolt," what could have been the motive power in the original architect to plan a cathedral on such a scale of magnificence and grandeur, and on such perfect æsthetic principles as that to execute this plan has been the desire of the intervening centuries? What is the bond which binds together indissolubly the thirteenth and the nineteenth century in this charmed structure? Is it a grand religious principle—the principle of sacrifice—which appeals alike to men in all ages and

under all religious dispensations? which finds expression in Jewish, Buddhist, or Greek temple, in Mohammedan mosque or Christian cathedral? Is it a common æsthetic element, found alike in all ages, and seeking expression from time to time, as grander and richer opportunities are presented? Is it national or ecclesiastic pride? Is it all these and much more combined? Again, what shall we say to the lavish expenditure of moneys on these immense cathedrals in the light of the pressing needs of the masses for enlightenment and Christianization? Is it necessary to plant a St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, with its mortgage of four hundred thousand dollars to absorb the gifts of the people? Is it wise for our Protestant Episcopal friends to excel this Catholic folly by putting a round million of money into a building lot, and millions more into a rival cathedral? Deep economic, religious, and æsthetic questions are involved in these enormous expenditures which it is wise for the Christian Church carefully to ponder.

THOROUGHNESS IN ARTISTIC TRAINING.

To the question, Why is there now such a lack of brilliant operatic stars as shone fifty years ago—Malibran, Madame Pasta, Rubini, Tambourini, La Blanche, Salvatore, Marini, etc., and more recently Adalina Patti? Signor Barili, the first trainer of Patti, is said to have replied as follows: The answer is easily given. Those singers devoted four or five years at the very outset of their career to *solfeggio* and vocalization, and it was not until they had mastered these that they became masters of themselves. Now things have changed. The object of the new school is to hurry and force the voice, and frequently we hear of people essaying the most difficult *roles* after a tuition of only six months. Such people can not sing long, and certainly can not be expected to sing well. From their repeated failures it would seem that the human voice was not capable of its wonderful performances of the past. But this is not so. There are as many beautiful voices as ever before, and as much could be made of them if they were only cultivated and not destroyed before their full development has been reached. A high state of cultivation preserves the voice. Most certainly, and the more it is exercised the better the voice becomes. Take the case of Campanini, for example.

Great artist as that man is, he would not be able to produce one-tenth his electrifying effect but for constant practice. Two hours at the "swell scales" is his task every day of his life. It was because of this that he was able to carry through his performance of last season to the end and remain as fresh as when he began. The great Tawberlik, now in his seventieth year, is another living evidence of the importance of thorough and uninterrupted practice. I wish I could reach the ears of all blessed with good voices, so that I might admonish them against the charlatanism which is gaining ground so rapidly, and which is depleting their ranks. There is nothing more criminal, to my mind, than the destruction of so delightful a natural gift—a good voice.

ARTISTIC EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

IN a former number of the REPOSITORY attention was called to the fact that much interest had been awakened on the part of some philanthropic persons in the education of the blind as tuners of musical instruments. We notice some statements which have recently appeared concerning the "Royal Normal College for the Blind," London, England. This charity exists as a normal school for the training of blind teachers, and generally as a place where blind persons are fitted, by thorough physical, mental, and artistic development, for the task of earning their own living. Its doors are open to all who are afflicted with loss of sight, and its mission appeals to a universal sympathy with those whom hard fate has deprived of a precious sense. The instruction afforded in the college is carried on in four departments. First comes that of general education; next that of special training for teacher's work; next that of the science and practice of music; and last that of piano-forte tuning. In addition particular regard is paid to such physical exercise as tend to encourage confidence and independence, even skating on ice or concrete being part of the regular course. But while the charity thus seeks to render the widest possible service to blind persons, its usefulness is perhaps more apparent in the department of music than in any other. For some mysterious reason the loss of sight is often partially compensated by susceptibility to the influence of music and skill in the practice of the art.

It follows that a blind school any where must be, in a peculiar sense, a school of music. This Royal Normal College is such a school, and its recent "Annual Prize Festival" was with entire propriety a musical demonstration. The latest report contains some interesting facts illustrative of the good already done in preparing pupils, musical and other, for the work of life. We read of an ex-scholar successfully engaged in the coal trade at Belfast; of another who emigrated to Canada, and is doing well as a piano-forte tuner; of two others who have established themselves as music publishers, etc., in Glasgow; of three young ladies who are employed under the school board for London at good salaries; of a youth who is earning his bread as an organist; of two young ladies still connected with the college, who are more than self-supporting; and so on, to the number of forty-five out of fifty-five, whom the college has sent forth into the world. The percentage of successes is a high one, and it is impossible to read the details of the report without pleasure.

Blind persons compete at enormous disadvantage with those who can see, and to equalize their condition in any tolerable measure the education of the blind must be as painstaking and thorough as possible. This is seen in their musical training. Not only do the pupils receive ordinary instruction, but the professors give weekly rehearsals throughout the year, at which classical compositions are systematically analyzed and performed. In twelve months six hundred and forty-five different pieces were thus brought to the knowledge of the pupils. Nor is this all. The young people are themselves required to give recitals from time to time. A weekly rehearsal of the music under study takes place, and by frequent attendance at the Crystal Palace concerts the highest forms of creative and executive art are made familiar. The examiners are high in their praise of the value of this noble charity and of the very effective training given to the pupils. They say: "Regarding the principles on which the various teachers seem to develop the reproductive powers of musical art of their sightless pupils, frequent and searching questions put to the latter, sometimes at the cost of interrupting their performance, placed the fact beyond a doubt that they are made as familiar with the notation and the practical

details of the compositions they perform as if they had not the sad experience and heavy labor of gaining information under the deprivation of one of the most important 'doors of the mind.'"

ECCENTRICITY OF ARTISTS.

AMONG numerous false rumors which are spread concerning the lives of celebrated masters, there is none that is so willingly believed as that these men are eccentric in their behavior, and, if one tries to make their acquaintance, are repelling and uncompanionable. And yet these masters are only quite natural in their behavior. Silly men, however, not to mention a few who judge more reasonably, consider them fanciful and capricious. Nothing is farther from the character of a true artist than such a reproach. I agree that certain peculiarities of the painter can be developed only where painting abounds; that is, in the few countries like Italy, where it is in its most perfect state; but idle people are wholly unfair when they expect that an artist who is absorbed in his work will spend his valuable time in empty compliments on their account. Few enough paint conscientiously; but the people who blame a man because his highest aim is to finish his work in the most careful manner, neglect their duty in a higher degree than those artists who give themselves no trouble about their work. Great artists, at times, indulge in such behavior that it is useless to attempt to do any thing with them; but it is not because they are proud, but because they seldom meet with a true appreciation on the part of others, or because they will not lower their superior minds by useless talk with people who have nothing to do, and who only drag them out of their deep train of reflections. I can assure your excellency [Vittoria Colonna] that even his holiness is tiresome to me when he comes with the question why I do not go oftener to the Vatican. When it is about some unimportant matter, I believe I can help him more by staying at home than by appearing in his presence. Then I tell him, without circumlocution, that I prefer to work for him in my own way to standing by him all day long, as so many others do. . . . I may say that the important things which have occupied me have gained for me such liberty that in conversation with

the pope, unconsciously I have put on my felt hat and gone on talking quite unconcernedly. This was not sufficient to make him punish me; on the contrary, he let me live as I chose, and it was at these very times that my mind was most eager to serve him. Should any one be foolish enough to place himself in solitude with his art, and, because he finds pleasure in being alone, should give up his friends and turn all the world against him, then they would have right to find fault with him. I, however, act in this way from my natural feeling, and because I am forced to it by my work, or because my character can not endure formal courtesy. So that it would be the greatest injustice not to allow me to do as I choose, especially as I desire nothing from any one else. Why does the world demand that one should be interested in her empty pastimes? Does she not know that there are sciences which take such complete hold of a man that not the least part of his being is able to give itself up to these ways of killing time? If he has nothing to do, like you, then, for all me, he may die the death, if he does not observe your etiquette and ceremonies. But you seek him out only to do yourselves an honor, and it gives you the greatest pleasure that he is a man to whom popes and emperors give orders. I say that an artist who cares more for the demands of an ignorant people than for those of his art, whose personal conduct has no peculiarity or oddity, or who has a very slight reputation in that line, will never be a superior nature. Clumay, or-

dinary men can be found in abundance; without using any lantern, on every street-corner throughout the world.—*Michael Angelo, as quoted by Hermann Grimm.*

ART NEWS.

OUR sister republic of France has been engaged for some little time in securing a subscription to erect a statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York harbor. The completion of this was recently celebrated by a grand banquet in Paris, which was graced by the presence and hearty sympathy of some of the foremost scholars and citizens of France, among whom we notice M. Laboulaye, who presided, MM. Lesseps, Lepère, Henri Martin, Sardou, and Oscar de Lafayette, and Consul-general Walther, and M. Bartholdi, the sculptor of the statue. An address to the American people, signed by the French participants at the banquet, and indorsed by one hundred and eighty-one towns, represented by votes of municipal councilors, forty *conseils-généraux*, ten chambers of commerce of the most important towns, and one hundred thousand subscribers, announces that the statue will be finished in 1883, and erected on a monumental pedestal on Bedloe's Island. The preparation of an appropriate foundation will be made by the American people. It is suggested that immediate action be had to secure the necessary funds for the foundation, so that the placing and inauguration of the statue may form an interesting and appropriate feature of the World's Fair celebration in 1883.

NATURE.

RAW OYSTERS.—Dr. William Roberts, in a series of lectures on digestive ferments, says: The practice of cooking is not equally necessary in regard to all articles of food. There are important differences in this respect, and it is interesting to note how correctly the experience of mankind has guided them in this matter.

The articles of food which we still use in the uncooked state are comparatively few; and it is not difficult in each case to indicate the reason of the exemption. Fruits, which we

consume largely in the raw state, owe their dietetic value chiefly to the sugar which they contain; but sugar is not altered by cooking. Milk is consumed by us both cooked and uncooked, indifferently, and experiment justifies this indifference. Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interesting to know that

there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty part of the oyster is its liver; and this is little else than a heap of glycogen.

Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the oyster between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own digestive fluid. The oyster, therefore, in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

CAUSE OF PERPETUAL SNOW.—In a late article on this subject it is held that the reason why snow, at great elevations, does not melt, but remains permanent, is owing to the fact that the heat received from the sun is thrown off into stellar space so rapidly by radiation and reflection that the sun fails to raise the temperature of the snow to the melting point; the snow evaporates, but it does not melt. The summits of the Himalayas, for example, must receive more than ten times the amount of heat necessary to melt all the snow that falls upon them, yet in spite of this there it remains unmelted. Notwithstanding the strength of the sun and the dryness of the air at these altitudes, evaporation is insufficient to melt the snow. At low elevations, where the snowfall is probably greater, and the amount of heat falling upon it even less, the snow soon disappears. This, it is believed, must be attributed to the influence of aqueous vapor. At high elevations the air is dry, and allows the heat radiated from the sun to pass into space; but at low elevations a very considerable amount of the heat radiated from the snow is absorbed by the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. A considerable portion of the heat thus absorbed is radiated back on the snow, and being of the same quality as that which the snow itself radiates, is for that reason absorbed by the latter. The consequence is, that the heat thus absorbed is accumulated by the snow till this is melted.

Were the aqueous vapor possessed by the at-

mosphere sufficiently diminished, perpetual snow would cover our globe down to the seashore. In a like manner the dryness of the air will, in a great measure, account for the present accumulation of snow and ice on Greenland and on the Antarctic continent. These regions are completely covered with snow and ice, not because the quantity falling on them is great, but because the quantity melting is small. And the reason why the snow does not melt is not because the amount of heat received during the year is not equal to melting it, but mainly because of the dryness of the air.

In places like Fuego and South Georgia, where the snowfall is considerable, perennial snow and ice are produced by diametrically opposite means; namely, by the heat of the sun being cut off by clouds and dense fogs.

MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.—Professor Flower, in a recent lecture on the anatomy of man, before the London Royal College of Surgeons, discussed at some length the origin of man on the American continent. The views, till lately held, as to the peopling of America, may, he says, be grouped under two heads: (1) That the inhabitants were a distinct indigenous people, created where they were found, and therefore not related to those of any other land. This is the theory of the polygenetic school, but it is probably not held by many scientific men of the present day. (2) The Monogenists mostly believe that they are descended from an Asiatic people, who, in comparatively recent times, passed into America by way of Behring Straits, and thence spread gradually over the whole continent as far as Cape Horn, and that their nearest allies must therefore be looked for in the northeast regions of Asia. It has also been thought by those holding the same general views, that at all events a partial re-peopling of the American continent may have occurred from Southern Asia, by way of the Polynesian Islands, or from North Africa, across the Atlantic.

The discovery of the great antiquity of the human race in America, as well as in the old world, has led to an important modification of these theories.

The proof of a very considerable antiquity rests upon the high and independent state of civilization which had been attained by the

Mexicans and Peruvians at the time of the Spanish conquest; and the evidence that this civilization had been preceded by several other stages of culture, following in succession through a great stretch of time. But the antiquity of the quasi-historical period thus brought out is entirely thrown into the shade by the evidence now accumulating from various parts of the United States, Central America, and the Pampas, that man existed in those countries, and existed under much the same conditions of life, using precisely the same weapons and tools as in Europe, during the pleistocene or quaternary geological period; and, perhaps, even farther back in time. If the inductions commonly made from these discoveries be accepted, and the fact admitted that man lived both in Europe and America before the surface of the earth had assumed its present geographical conformation, the data from which the problem of the peopling of America is to be solved are altogether changed.

Recent paleontological investigations, especially those carried on with such great success in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, show that an immense number of forms of terrestrial animals that were formerly supposed to be peculiar to the old world are abundant in the new—indeed many, such as the horse, camel, rhinoceros, etc., are more numerous in species and varieties in the latter—and therefore the means of land communication between the two must have been very different from what it is now. Taking all circumstances into consideration, it is quite as likely that Asiatic man may have been derived from America as the reverse, or both may have had their source in a common center, in some region of the earth now covered by the ocean.

THE MICROSCOPE IN WRITING.—The examination of handwriting with a view to determine its authorship, its genuineness, its age, and whether or not it has been altered from its original form and intent, is one of the more recent uses of the microscope, and one the importance, reliability, and frequent applicability of which has but recently become known, and is even yet not generally realized. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the fact that large general experience, judgment, and tact in the use of the instrument and skill in

the manipulation, though necessary to this particular work, are not, in themselves, an adequate preparation for it. Much special study and special practice are required before any thing useful can be done in this line. But to a person really at home in the study of handwriting, both with and without the microscope, this instrument furnishes a ready means for its accurate analysis. Those who are governed, not by respect for the rights of others, but only by the expectation of consequences that shall affect themselves, can not learn too soon or too well, the fact that writing can scarcely be so adroitly changed after its original execution that the microscope can not detect the falsification. The face of the paper, when once marred by disturbing the position of the fibers, can never be restored; and hence scratching and erasure can be recognized, though performed with consummate skill and not distinguishable by other means. Inks which seem alike to the unaided eye under the microscope are marked by conspicuous differences of shade or density, or purity, or chemical composition. Lines which may look simple and honest may show themselves to be retouched or altered by the same or by a different hand, or pen, or ink; and lines drawn upon new paper may look different from those drawn after it is old. The microscope does not give direct information as to the precise age of writing, but it may approximately determine the relative age of superposed, crossing, or touching lines, and it can generally state positively whether lines were written before or after related erasures, or scratchings, or foldings of the paper. When a word in a fictitious signature has been constructed by tracing with pencil lines, subsequently inked over with a pen, particles of plumbago can probably be somewhere detected and recognized by their position and their well known color and luster. The mechanical effect of the point of a pencil upon and among the fibers of the paper can also be seen, notwithstanding the subsequent staining of the paper with ink. In writing copied or imitated originally in ink, either by tracing over a copy or by drawing free-hand with a copy to inspect or remember, the distribution of ink is peculiar and suggestive, indicating hesitation from uncertainty, or pauses just where a person writing automatically by his own method and especi-

ally in writing his own name, would pass over the paper most rapidly and evenly.

BEES AND SUGAR REFINERIES.—The Council of Hygiene of Paris was recently called on to pronounce upon quite a singular question. There are in Paris depots of bee-hives, which, of little importance at the start, have finally become quite important and extensive establishments. Certain of these depots contain no less than from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty hives. As each hive contains forty thousand workers, there are several million of bees in each depot. At first sight it would seem surprising that a honey-producing industry should be carried on in the heart of a great city where there are no flowers that the bees can visit for nectar; but on investigation it has been found that these establishments have either through accident or design (undoubtedly the latter) located themselves in the vicinity of the large refineries of sugar. The consequence is that the latter are constantly visited by the bees in immense numbers, to the serious annoyance of the workmen. In a short space of time the sirup pans are completely filled with bees, and the loss occasioned by this amounts, in one refinery alone, to about five thousand dollars a year. Various means of extermination have been devised, but thus far to no purpose. One refiner destroys the insects by means of fly-traps placed near the windows. There are about sixty of these traps in his refinery, and the number of bees captured *per diem* in each one of these amounts to about a quarter of a bushel. But in spite of all this the works continue to be infested. The sugar refiners have asked for damages, but at present the prefect of police has at his command no ordinance which permits him to grant them. The refiners will be obliged to suffer this loss and inconvenience till the council makes some ruling on the subject.

APPLE TREES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—It is surprising how quickly the vegetation of many countries settled by Europeans has been modified. A writer in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* on the flora of Chili south of the Valdivia River, states that the scenery between Rio Bueno and its winding affluents reminds the traveler very much of home. In the park-like prairies, associated with *Fagus obliqua*, a deciduous

beech, are numerous scattered apple trees, originally introduced from Europe. The apple tree has spread from Valdivia to Osorno, and even crossed the Andes into North-western Patagonia, and thence eastward. Indeed, it has become so widely spread and so general, that the Indians from the distant regions of the Argentine rivers Rio Negro and Rio Colorado, are called *Manzaneros* or *Apple Indians*.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF THE BUTTONWOOD.—*Les Modes* states that a French medical journal has recently called attention to the injurious effects that are apt to follow a residence near the common shade tree, the buttonwood or plane tree. The fact has long been known, even from the time of Pliny, that a stay near these trees is often followed by an irritation of the air passages, followed by a persistent and disagreeable cough. This is due to the fact, familiar to botanists, though perhaps unknown to the general public, that the young shoots, leaves, and stipules are covered with a fine thick down composed of minute branched, rigid hairs, which falls off as these parts become older, and often floats in the air in large quantities. It is the inhalation of this which causes the throat difficulty. It often causes serious annoyance to employes in nurseries where the tree is raised.

A PROPERTY OF YEAST.—A distinguished fungologist records a very curious circumstance which occurred after a dreadful storm visiting the locality in which he lived, the lightning being unusually severe. The yeast seemed to have lost all its virtue, and the bakers lost whole batches of bread because it was powerless. It had been previously recorded that German yeast loses its power of germinating if falling from a height, as is supposed, by some change in the polarity of the particles, and it is suggested that the electric condition of the atmosphere at the time of the storm effected a like change.

FISH IN POISONED WATER.—The most minute quantities of chlorine that can be detected in water are fatal to the fish in it. Soda, lye, and even carbonate of ammonia in the water act much less injuriously. Sulphuric acid is much more fatal than hydrochloric acid, but the fish soon recover from the bad effects when they are removed from the contaminated water.

RELIGIOUS.

MODERN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—Robert Raikes's biographer, Alfred Gregory, states that the Sunday-school system, of which Raikes was the founder, may be said to have originated in the Gloucester jails, one of which consisted of a part of Gloucester castle, a portion built in the reign of William the Conqueror. Long before John Howard began his work for the improvement of prisons, Raikes had been laboring among the inmates of the castle, the condition of which was most wretched, and had been accustomed there to teach Gospel truths. These philanthropic labors led directly, Mr. Gregory says, to the Sunday-school work. He gives a letter from Raikes, in which Raikes remarks that the utility of a Sunday-school was first suggested to him "by a group of miserable little wretches whom I observed one day in the street where many people employed in the pen manufactory reside." He was told that if he were to pass through that street on a Sunday it would shock him, indeed, "to see the crowds of children who were spending that sacred day in noise and riot, to the extreme annoyance of all decent people." He immediately determined to make some little effort to remedy the evil. "Having found four persons," he says, "who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum they required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday. The children were to come soon after ten in the morning, and stay till twelve; they were then to go home, and return at one; and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the catechism till half-after five, and then to be dismissed with an injunction to go home without making a noise, and by no means to play in the street." The first school was opened at Gloucester, in July, 1780.

A LIBERAL SPIRIT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The charge recently delivered at Croydon by the Archbishop of Canterbury is the broadest definition of religious practice which has ever been issued in the Anglican Establishment. Dr. Tait announced that the Angli-

cian Church now had relations with Protestant Churches in Germany, in the East (Syrian, Armenian, Chaldean, and Nestorian), and in America; with the Greek Church in Russia and Turkey, and the particularly independent Bulgarian Church. They must encourage all attempts to foster a true brotherhood between these scattered Christians, and they must not neglect their duty to Roman Catholics, and those who were laboring to free themselves from the Roman yoke. The sister Church in the United States had succeeded in establishing, in Mexico, independent Spanish-speaking Churches. In France Ultramontane Romanism still held sway, but Anglican Churchmen might well help those individual priests who were feeling their way to a purer form of the old Gallican national Church. The time had gone by when the Anglican Church might rest contented in her insular position. The Oriental Churches were brethren already. The boundary between the Anglican Church and the Continental Protestant Churches was very indistinct, and from this state of things they might learn many lessons in their dealings with their nonconformist brethren at home and in the United States. It would be their own fault if all the Protestant communities, Episcopal, or non-Episcopal, did not feel that in the great cause they were indissolubly united one with the other.

THE MARVELS AT LOURDES.—There was an imposing ceremony at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, recently. The pilgrims who had just returned from Lourdes had been invited to offer up the homage of their gratitude at the foot of the statue of the Virgin. After the congregation had joined in singing the Magnificat, Father Picard got into the pulpit to give an account of the pilgrimage. He remarked that seven trains were found necessary to transport to Lourdes the multitude of pilgrims, not only from Paris, but from all parts of France. Some two thousand of them were invalids, of whom nine hundred performed the journey at the expense of the funds subscribed for the pilgrimage. In spite of the fatigues of so long a journey, only two deaths occurred on the road, or dur-

ing the sojourn of the pilgrims at Lourdes; and, according to Father Picard, these two unhappy individuals, far from going to the Virgin's shrine, to implore a cure or long life, had, on the contrary, undertaken the journey to pray for an early death. So the miracles have their place yet in the economy of French Romanism, and pious Christians desiring to get heavenward need only start on the road toward Lourdes to enjoy the full fruition of their heart's desire.

INTOLERANCE IN WALES.—Lord Penrhyn's action, in refusing to the Calvinistic Methodists of Carnarvonshire, Wales, the use of a certain field near Bangre, for the annual camp-meeting, has created, it is said, boundless displeasure not only in Carnarvonshire, but throughout Wales generally. This denomination is the strongest in Northern Wales, and its meeting always attracts an immense number of people from Liverpool and all the Welsh towns. Heretofore the use of a certain field has been granted by Lord Penrhyn as a sanction to the consent of the tenant, and it is hinted that his refusal now is due to the personal pique he feels at the defeat of his son and heir as the conservative candidate for Parliament at the last election. Certain of the ministers and prominent Church members lent their aid to secure the election of the liberal candidate.

CROWDS AT THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.—From this side of the Atlantic crowds are going to Oberammergau continually. The popular European tourist contractors, Cook & Son, of London and New York, have already sent over three different steamer loads of people who expect to turn aside in their continental rambles to the highlands of Bavaria to see this wonderful performance. But not only over-curious Americans and Englishmen go to witness the Passion Play. Even the peasants of Bavaria are flocking in unexpected numbers to Oberammergau to see the "Play." On the fourth representation, May 30, about two thousand strangers were unable to get seats, and the play was repeated on the following day, so that they should not be detained in the village, nor go away disappointed. On May 29th there was a considerable fall of snow, and on the morning of the play the surrounding mountains

were covered with snow. The theater is in the open air, but the weather changed so suddenly that by noon the ground about the theater was dry. Perhaps there is virtue in this visit to Oberammergau after all. As we write we should gladly have a snow-storm give evidence of a cooling atmosphere.

ANGELICAN CHURCH CONGRESS.—The full programme of it has been published. The congress will last four days. On the first day the subjects will be foreign missions, the religious condition of England, the relations of the Church to the poor, and to laborers. On the second day, education, internal unity in the Church, temperance, and other questions will be discussed. Unbelief, home mission work, the clergy, and the cathedral system will be considered on the third day. On the fourth and last day, questions of Church finance, popular recreations, and worship will be discussed. The names of fourteen bishops are given among the speakers. What now about considering the rights of dissenters? Were it not a good time for the Anglicans that there are other evangelical bodies of Christians in England, and that they, too, should have the right to speak on English ecclesiasticism?

THE LATE DR. WENGER.—This veteran Biblical translator died in Calcutta on August 20. He had translated the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament and the Gospels and Acts into Sanscrit, putting the poetical parts of the Old Testament into Sanscrit verse. His labors in this department received high praise from such scholars as Dr. Rajendralala Mitra and the late Professor H. H. Wilson. In Bengali he executed one or two revisions of the translation of the Bible, and parts of it he translated afresh. His version is used by all denominations of Christians in Bengal. Dr. Wenger was a Swiss by birth. He went out to India in 1839, and with the exception of about three years, spent in two visits to Europe, he passed the whole of the intervening period in India. He belonged to the Baptist Missionary Society.

CHRISTIAN KAFFIRS.—There is a colony of Christian Kaffirs at Middleburg, in the Transvaal, the result of twenty years' labor by a Lutheran missionary. A handsome brick church, built by Kaffir hands, affords accom-

modation for one thousand five hundred work-shops, and rows of brick-built workshops resound with the noise of industrial pursuits. Wagons, furniture, and wood and iron work are turned out in abundance. Schools have been provided for the children, and the mission owns thirty thousand acres of good land, once prairie wilderness, but now divided into small farms, and worked under the supervision of the missionaries.

DR. PUSEY AND CANON FARRAR.—Dr. Pusey subjects Canon Farrar's statements and teachings to a most searching scrutiny; and while Dr. Farrar evidently dislikes to be called a Universalist, and seeks to shield himself before the public, by pretending that he is in substantial accord with Dr. Pusey as to the eternal punishment of the wicked, Dr. Pusey shows, beyond a doubt, that Canon Farrar, in his inconsistent statements, and inconsequent reasonings, and flippant rhetoric, is justly chargeable with denying a doctrine which has been held by the Church in all ages since the very beginning. He shows Canon Farrar to be neither a logician nor a theologian, but, at best, only a word painter and a rhetorician.

PROTESTANTISM IN RUSSIA.—According to the latest statistics it has a very numerous following. Not including the Reformed Christians of Poland, there are 4,680,000 Protestants in Russia. There are 350,000 Lutherans in the Petersburg Consistorial District; in that of Moscow, 247,000, and 53,000 Reformed. In the district of Reval there are 380,000; the districts of Rissol and Oesel contain 900,000. In Courland there are 630,000. This gives a total of 2,560,000. Of this number, 1,700,000 are German. Besides, there are 350,000 Lutherans in Poland, and 1,770,000 in Finland.

INDEPENDENT CATHOLICS.—Since Bishop McNamara and his Independent Catholic Church moved into the churchy building vacated by the extinct Episcopal Church of the Atonement, on Madison Avenue, N. Y., they have met with increasing success. Indeed, so great has been their success that in a circular just issued by them they say that if encouraged by the sympathy and practical aid of the Christian public they will purchase the building for the purpose of preaching evangelical religion to the Irish and Roman Catho-

lic people, and as "a permanent protest against the errors, superstitions, and debasing tendencies of the Church of Rome, and as a bulwark against its further advancement in this country."

THE GREAT COUNCIL OF GENEVA has adopted a project of law, the essential principle of which is, that after a given time the state and communes will grant no subsidies for religious purposes. This resolution involves the disestablishment and disendowment of both the Protestant and Catholic Churches.

MISCELLANY.—At the London yearly meeting of Friends some exception was taken to the singing of hymns at general meetings which had been held. It was characterized as very unquakerly, and as not in accordance with the practice two hundred years ago. In reply it was held that good influences accompanied singing as well as silent meditation; but the meeting thought that silent meditation and animated preaching were better without singing.

—The Evangelical Alliance of Japan reports that there are now 2,701 members in that country, an increase of 1,684 in eighteen months. Some 16 missionary societies, besides 3 Bible societies, are at work. Of the societies 10 are American, supporting 140 missionaries, and 6 English, supporting 43 missionaries. The eight open cities of Japan have resident missionaries.

—The Moravians report 30,893 communicants in America, Germany, and Great Britain, an increase of 264 during the past year. The above total does not include the communicants in the mission field, who are more numerous.

—The Tinkers propose to open a clothing house in Ohio, so that all their members will have "coats, hats, and bonnets alike." A Tinker paper, in comment on this, observes: "It is important that the Scripture command, 'Let all members dress exactly alike,' should be observed."

—The British Wesleyan Conference has approved the measures taken for the holding of a Methodist Ecumenical Conference. The conference will meet in City Road Chapel, London, in September, 1881, and will be composed of four hundred delegates, half of whom will be laymen.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

FEEDING ON ONE'S SELF.—When the human body suffers from a lack of food, it practically feeds upon itself and absorbs its own substance as food. Every one knows that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel or those of the Indian cattle visibly decrease and may disappear altogether if the animals are starved. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigency of hunger. So it is also with the bears and other animals which hibernate or sleep through the Winter's cold. The bear, which in Autumn retires to Winter quarters in a well-favored condition, comes forth in Spring lean and meager. His fats have been absorbed in his nutrition, and the succeeding Summer will lay the foundation of new stores of stable food to be utilized during the next Winter. With man, we repeat, the phenomena of starvation are essentially similar. In the starving man the fats of the body are the first substances to disappear. The fat loses weight to the extent of ninety-three per cent; next in order the blood suffers; then the internal organs, such as liver and spleen, suffer; the muscles, bones, and nervous system being the last to lose weight. In due time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is really a case of death from loss of heat. When the temperature falls to about 30° Fahrenheit death ensues. This decrease arises from want of bodily fuel or food; but the immediate cause of the fatal ending of such a case is decrease of temperature. It is likewise a curious fact that the application of external warmth is even more effectual in reviving animals dying of starvation than a supply of food. In exhausting diseases in man, in which the phenomena are strikingly like, and, indeed, thoroughly analogous to, those of starvation, the same facts are observed.

MUCH PLUGGING.—According to the *London Medical Record* an American physician, Dr. Farrar, has calculated that about half a ton of pure gold is annually packed away into American teeth; and he goes on to assert that

at this rate, within three hundred years as much pure gold will have been buried with the teeth into which it is packed as there is now in the whole gold circulation of the earth. Perhaps Dr. Farrar is right, for half a ton of gold is only 17,920 ounces avoirdupois, and supposing that one American in a hundred has his teeth stopped with gold, that would give each an average amount of annual stopping of something like one-sixteenth of an ounce, which is not, perhaps, a very extravagant amount. But we are not inclined to spend wonder on these trite calculations of how much gold all the stuffed teeth of the ages may be eventually supposed to contain, any more than on how many wasted minutes all the useless calculations of the ages may be supposed to be accounted for. You might just as well calculate how many yards of artery there are pulsing away at a Guildhall dinner, or how many multiples of the present lord mayor would reach to the moon. It is always easy to astonish people by manipulating the insignificant facts of life with the aid of the multiplication-table, but the astonishment is barren, not to say a little imbecile.

STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE CANADIAN AND THE LATE BRITISH PREMIER.—Sir John Macdonald, who was in England this Summer, created no little sensation in London. It is said that the Canadian premier supplies a likeness to Lord Beaconsfield which is almost bewildering in its exactitude. Says the *London World*: "If Sir John, having nearly observed our premier's dress, were to possess himself of a costume of the same make, and were to walk into the House of Lords, none of the door-keepers would think of stopping him, while the Marquis of Salisbury might be expected gently to press the hand of his dear friend, and inquire after the gout. Consciously or unconsciously, Sir John assists nature with a few touches of art. He wears his hair precisely as Lord Beaconsfield wears his, or rather as the late premier wore his when he was about eight years younger. His face is closely shaved, and his whole shape, color, and expression are phenomenally like Beaconsfield. Nor is the sim-

illitude confined to physical features. Sir John Macdonald has many of the social and political qualities of Lord Beaconsfield. He is witty and graceful in conversation, epigrammatic in parliament, and audacious in politics."

LIBERTY CAP.—Slaves, in antiquity, were physically identical with freemen, and were discriminated only by peculiar marks, or by the character of their employments. Slaves wore their hair and beard long; and when manumitted they shaved their head and put on a cap, which has, in consequence, become a symbol of liberty. Brutus, after the assassination of Caesar, coined money, on which the figure of a cap was impressed, to indicate that the people had been rendered free.

ANTIQUITIES.—We may excuse the foreigner if, in speaking our language, he occasionally misapplies an ambiguous word, however oddly it may sound. Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word, "kippered," and was told it meant "preserved." Soon after the Switzer made use of this newly acquired expression in a public prayer, when he offered a petition that a distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland." Here is another example of a possible misconstruction of language. "I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

THE CAVES OF BORNEO.—The recent explorations of the caves in the island of Borneo do not seem to have accomplished particularly valuable results. The existence of caves containing fossil bones has been proved, and at the same time the existence of man in the island with the fauna, whose remains are entombed in these caves. But, both from the recent nature of this fauna, and from the fact that the race of men whose remains are associated with it had already reached an advanced stage of civilization, the discovery has in no way aided the solution of those problems for

the unraveling of which it was originally promoted. No light has been thrown on the origin of the human race; the history of the development of the fauna characterizing the Indo-Malayan sub-region has not been advanced; nor, virtually, has any evidence been obtained toward showing what races of men inhabited Borneo previously to the immigration of the various tribes of Malayan stock which now people the island. Furthermore, the presumption that the north-west portion of Borneo has too recently emerged above the waters of the sea to render it probable that future discoveries will be made of cave deposits of greatly higher antiquity than those already examined, has been strengthened.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.—The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For while one class of men is striving to solve the problems of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which is shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors at Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in their philosophies or their mathematics, the newspaper editor sings the praises of her who can roast turkey, bake bread, or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to exist, but only to work, with either hand or brain. No one says to her: "You are not only yourself, but possibly the future mother of other beings. Do not, therefore, allow yourself to be driven by either school of apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortably, or pleasantly. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics or dressmaking, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadfastly, but without strain, without hurry, and without emulation. Find out first what you can do best, and, even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that."

THE SEVEN BIBLES OF THE WORLD.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitakas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the

most recent of these seven Bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitakas of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings can not be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Müller, Wilson, Johnson, and Whitney that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C., and, therefore, has a clear margin of 300 years older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

THE BAPTISTERY AT RAVENNA.—The person interested in early Christian art will travel long and far before he finds a more interesting relic than this famous edifice. The figures of the prophets and apostles in the interior mosaic decoration are ranked among the noblest specimens of early Christian art, and they possess a peculiar historical value in that they distinctly indicate the tone of Christian belief in the fifth century, and in that regard are as useful as the productions of the Renaissance artists of ten centuries later. The monuments at Ravenna more, perhaps, than those of any other Italian city except Rome, have been injured from the accumulation of soil about them. The Baptistery has suffered seriously in this particular, the modern pavement being nearly eight feet above the ancient. It is proposed to raise this entire structure to the line of the present soil—a work which it is believed would involve serious injury, if not irreparable ruin to the mosaics. A protest against this

undertaking has been made. It is urged that the exterior of the building possesses little or no interest, being of rough brick work, so that the project could scarcely result in gain if successful. The founder of the sacred edifice was St. Ursus, who lived in the inglorious reign of Honorius, that son of Theodosius the great and first emperor of the west, who made his residence at Ravenna, and died there in 423.

WESLEY'S POWERS ACCOUNTED FOR BY HIMSELF.—How was Wesley enabled to accomplish the vast amount of work of which his journals, journeys, sermons, and published volumes give evidence? An English Methodist, astonished, as every one who reads of the diversity and extent of the great preacher's work must be, asks this question, and then finds the secret in his severe abstemiousness. Wesley not only never smoked, and rarely drank tea or coffee, but he abstained from intoxicants, and even, during much of his life, from animal food. A revelation are his words to the bishop of London in 1747: Dr. Cheyne advised me to leave off meat and wine, and since I have taken his advice I have been free, blessed be God, from all bodily disorders.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.—One of the home missionaries on Puget Sound, holding a meeting in a mixed neighborhood of whites and Indians, observed that the Indian women, carrying their babies according to their usual custom, were surprised to see that among the whites the men carried the babies. At the next appointment the power of example was seen, as the Indian men came carrying the babies for the first time.

CZAR NICHOLAS AND HIS DOCTOR.—On the 2d of March, 1855, when it was known that the Czar Nicholas had died, a wild excitement, increasing from day to day, burst forth against his favorite physician, Dr. Mandt, the more readily suspected because he was a German. Busy calumniators spread the news abroad in all circles that the guilt of the emperor's death lay at the door of his Prussian doctor. Mandt's family, who were then at Frankfort, were in the greatest terror, when their fear was removed by a dispatch from St. Petersburg, stating that the present Czar Alexander had taken up the defense of the calumniated man, having called him into his presence, thanked him before the court for his care of his father, and presented

him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds.

The doctor, it appears, has left behind him a detailed account of the last days and hours of his imperial patient. Almost his only friends at court besides the czar himself, were the heir to the throne and the Grand-duchess Helena. He was an object of violent dislike to her husband, the Grand-duke Michael. When the czar was taken ill, Mandt's meanness whispered about that he would poison their master. The Grand-duchess Helena warned him of the plots against his reputation and person. Her husband called him into a private room, "I found him in the highest excitement," says Dr. Mandt. "I thought he would seize me by the collar, but my coolness seemed to make some impression upon him, and he contented himself with shaking his fist in my face, and exclaiming, 'traitor!'" An excited conversation passed between them, and the prince ended by saying,

"On the day upon which the precious health of the czar is endangered by your treatment, your learned head shall hang upon your neck by the thinness of a single thread."

Nicholas himself was worked up into a temporary suspicion of the fidelity of his doctor. One day, upon feeling himself better, the czar said, "Mandt, do you know that I believed yesterday that you were bent upon poisoning me?" "I knew it, sire," replied the doctor. "Then do not forget," observed the emperor, "that you have enemies here, and many of them." On the night of the 21 of March, Mandt had to tell the czar the fateful news that his recovery was impossible. Nicholas received the information with great calmness. He ordered the sacrament to be brought, took leave of the empress, his children, and grandchildren, kissed them, and blessed each by name with a firm, clear voice. To the empress he said, "I shall send for thee when the last moment draws nigh."

LITERATURE.

It is often said that it is scarcely safe for a writer of fiction who has made a capital hit to venture upon a second attempt, lest the latter should mar the renown achieved by the former. But such a degree of carefulness and prudent self-restraint is a little more than can be expected of human nature, especially since the promise of pecuniary gain adds its influence to the promptings of vanity in favor of still another adventure. The "Fool's Errand" has certainly been the successful novel of the season, though not the first work of its author, nor perhaps the best, for not a few will, no doubt, give the preference to "Toinette," published several years ago, and now brought anew into notice by its more fortunate younger sister. We see also that its author is already prepared to give still another of much the same sort, advanced sheets of which from the press of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, we have been permitted to examine. Judge Tourgee's latest book is to bear the title, *Bricks Without Straws*: and as the former two works were designed severally to illustrate certain facts and features of Southern life, the first being based

upon the history of a beautiful and educated cotton slave, and the second presenting a picture of the experience of certain Northern men who attempted to settle in the South after the war without becoming specifically Southern men in conduct, character, and opinions, and who have found themselves, under the odious name of "carpet-buggers," ostracised, insulted, and brought into peril, so this shows the workings of affairs with the freedmen, who having been legally emancipated and enfranchised, attempted to use their newly gained rights by improving their financial condition and endeavoring to have their friends chosen to frame and administer the laws under which they were to live, for which intolerable presumption they have been subjected to all forms of indignities. The stories of wrongs and insults, and savage brutality and fiendish cruelties given in the course of the story are quite certainly pictures from nature, for they are as life-like as they are painful and exasperating. No doubt "Bricks Without Straws" will have a great run, and it may be hoped that it and its predecessors may serve the in-

terests of the peeled and stricken freedmen as well as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" those of the slaves.

THE fourth volume of Green's *History of the English People*,* which completes the work, was among the early issues of the present season. Of the general character of the work, we have heretofore spoken in no doubtful terms, and this last issue will not detract from the high reputation secured by its predecessors. The period covered extends from the Revolution of 1688 to the fall of Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo. It begins with the final expulsion of the Stuarts, and the accession of William of Orange to the government, which was soon after followed by the accession of the house of Hanover. England's external affairs during all this time related, first, to the revolution in America, then to France—first, its revolutionary movements, and afterwards the career of Napoleon. The growth of the "British Empire" (1760-1767) is elaborately discussed in a chapter of nearly fifty pages; and a little further on a chapter is given to "Industrial England." It is for those broad and lucid discussions of the social affairs of the nation that this work is especially distinguished; and indeed that feature constitutes its peculiar value. The style of the writing is peculiarly clear and spirited, and the selection and grouping of its subjects are decidedly good. The publishers have spared neither expense nor pains for making it, what such a work should be, a pleasure for reading, and an ornament to the library. It is, beyond all rivals, the history of England for the great and increasing body of general readers of first-class books.

BYRON is the expressive title of the latest (nineteenth) number of Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters" series, written by John Nichol.† It is sprightly and forcible in its style; dispassionate and fairly judicial in its presentation of facts, and in bringing out conclusions; and while properly appreciating the unquestionable abilities of the noble lord,

the author is neither blind to his obvious faults, nor yet inclined to condemn him as absolutely destitute of redeeming qualities. It is, on the whole, a good and useful book—quite worthy of its place in the series in which it appears, the general grade of which will be heightened rather than depressed by this latest edition.

Good text-books are a condition requisite to good teaching, and the right use of them is quite as useful, and much more difficult to realize than the procuring of such helps. Something towards answering to both of these requirements is afforded in Principal John Swett's compilation, *Methods of Teaching*,* which is more fully described as "A Handbook of Principles, Directions, and Working Models for Common-school Teachers." The book seems to be the outgrowth of the author's experience as "Principal of the San Francisco Girls' High-school and Normal Class," and is intended for the use of normal schools, and all who intend to become teachers, and also for the direction of those who may be actually engaged in this work. In that art and calling some guide and prescribed method is essential to success—and even a defective one is much better than none at all—and this one seems to be about as nearly complete as the present conditions of the case will allow. Every teacher should have it at hand to refer to, and carefully apply its principles.

REV. J. CYNDDYLAN JONES, of Cardiff (Wales), has prepared, and Houlston & Sons (London) published, a volume (12mo., pp. 298) of fifteen sermons, which he properly entitles *Studies in the Acts of the Apostles*. Though not of the highest order of compositions, whether as to style or thought, they are nevertheless forceful and intelligent statements of evangelical Christian doctrines and duties—useful to consider. For sale by Phillips & Hunt, N. Y.

SHAKESPEARE has been treated in countless ways and fashions because of his many-sidedness and his exhaustlessness. The last service of this kind that we have seen is a topical arrangement of select quotable passages in alphabetical order, made by Rev. H. J. Fox, of

* HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, A. M. Vol. IV. The Revolution, 1688-1760; Modern England, 1760-1815. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 519.

† BYRON. By John Nichol. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 212.

* New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 326.

Boston.* It was evidently prepared first of all as a labor of love, and also (as the author informs us), it grew up in the preparation of lectures on English literature, of which he was sometime professor in the University of South Carolina; and having been thus blocked out in the rough, it was afterwards wrought out in its perfected form, and so given to the public. As it thus makes its appearance, it combines the qualities of a Shakespearean commonplace book, an index or concordance, with illustrative passages, and a book of Shakespearean beauties. Though professing to be only the work of an amateur, who strenuously disclaims the character of a critic, it nevertheless displays a large acquaintance with the works of the great dramatist, and a high appreciation of their multifarious excellences.

LETTER-WRITING, thank* (or blame, as the case may be) to the telegraph and the postal card, has become very nearly a lost art. It was once a fine art, and the specimens still extant of epistolary excellence constitute no mean element in both English and French literature. A well and ably selected collection of letters

is not unlike a similar body of poetry, though to make a really good collection of letters would require a greater share of both taste and patience. We have accordingly examined, first with doubtful curiosity, and then with real pleasure, the selection* just now given to the public by an English publishing house and reproduced in this country by the Harpers. They range in their dates (and they are arranged chronologically) from A. D. 1450 to nearly the present time, are in number three hundred and fifty-one, by one hundred and fifty writers. Of course, they vary very widely in styles of both language and thought, in method and purposes, in fullness or brevity, and moral and religious tone and spirit. But they are in nearly every instance vivacious and forceful, often piquant, and not infrequently humorous or tender, and sometimes sorrowful. They are interesting as they give inside views of their writer's character and modes of thinking and expressing their thoughts. As studies in the epistolary art we know of nothing better than is here afforded. Altogether it is a good book, and quite worthy of a place in a miscellaneous library.

EX CATHEDRA.

PROGRESS AND BETTERMENTS.

THE injunction of "The Preacher," not to ask "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" is no doubt doubly wise; since facts will not justify its implication, and if they would, no profit could come from the comparison. And yet there is among men a strong disposition to think of remote times as an age of probity and of all moral and physical excellences. The degeneracy of the times is the frequent theme of moralists and satirists, with the accompanying implication, that the present age is worse than any former one, and that things are generally tending to the bad. Nor is it a matter of surprise that they who consider only what is seen, with

the obvious prevalence of iniquity, should incline to think that no other age could have been so bad, while the past, seen in the dimness of distance, appears less evil than the coarse, every day present. But wider and more correct views dispel this illusion, and detect the evil characteristics of those fabulous days of innocence and virtue, and show that, bad as are our times, they are better than were those of the Golden Age of the ancients.

One needs to go back only a little way in the histories of the principal nations of the present time to find abundant proofs that the condition of society, both moral and physical, has greatly improved during the last two or three hundred years. People are now more

*THE STUDENT'S SHAKESPEARE. Thirty-seven Plays; Analyzed and Topically Arranged for the Use of Clergymen, Lawyers, Students, etc. By Henry J. Fox. Boston: B. A. Fowler & Co. Royal octavo. Pp. 625, with two indexes, pp. 20.

*FOUR CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LETTERS. Selections from the Correspondence of One Hundred and Fifty Writers, from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Day. Edited and Arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown Octavo.

comfortably fed and clothed and sheltered than formerly. Young children and helpless old people, invalids, imbeciles, and lunatics are all better cared for; a higher value is set upon human life, and even criminals are not looked upon as wholly beyond the range of human kindness. And although the barbarisms of war and slavery and of female degradation continue, yet even these have become somewhat mitigated by the better spirit of the age. A less proportion of children perish in infancy, and the number of old people is larger in proportion than ever before; and statistics show that the average length of human life is steadily increasing. It is quite evident, therefore, that there is less suffering and more enjoyment of the physical comforts of life than formerly, and that the social affairs of the world, under our Christian civilization are tending to the better.

Beyond all doubt, Christianity, the great and distinguishing agency in modern society, is the largest and most effective factor in all the social problems of the times. It is also and equally certain that it operates no less favorably upon the temporal interests of society than on the spiritual welfare of individuals; and because it makes the well-being of the individual person the great end of all social affairs, it dignifies humanity, and places the rights of simple manhood above all others. In a merely natural society men's prowess or cunning is the arbiter in all conflicts of interests; but where God's authority is recognized, and the divine paternity of all men is accepted as a truth, the rights of the individual are seen to be paramount, and the meanest, no less than the noblest, are entitled to equal justice. The recognition of men's natural rights underlies and permeates the Christian civilization of the age, and distinguishes it from the barbaric despotisms of former times.

It is also quite certain that a fair degree of intellectual culture increases the sum of human happiness. The men whose thoughts and muscles produce the material conditions of civilization enjoy their lives much better for having somewhat to think of above and beyond the routines of their daily drudgery. It may indeed be true, that in many things our modern civilization is below that of some of the most advanced nations of antiquity; but this latter was only for a favored few, while

the toiling masses were as effectually excluded from its benefits as were their irrational fellow-laborers. The older civilizations were for the few, that of this age is for the masses of men; and though this may not have developed so high an artistic perfection in some things, yet its greater breadth and general diffusion is much more than a compensation for any lack of refinement. Christianity cares for all men, without respect to their various social or mental conditions, and the form of society in which it is the ruling power contemplates the welfare of all, and seeks effectually to promote it.

There may be a very close relation between morals and culture—for it can not be denied that moral communities always tend towards better intellectual and esthetical conditions. It may be observed, however, that while a high moral state of society insures for it a good degree of culture, the highest state of artistic excellence is quite compatible with the deepest moral degradation. Men naturally look to the palaces of kings and the mansions of the great ones of the earth for the richest displays of refinement, for "they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses;" but they do not go there for their patterns of spiritual purity and exalted moral worth. The Old World civilizations have sent down to our times the proofs of their unequalled artistic skill, and with these have also come to us the terrible evidences of their indescribable moral and spiritual debasement. Greece has given us her sculptures of unequalled artistic worth, but every-where they are blurred and blotted with the marks of the prevalent immorality. Rome, in the days of the early empire, was the home of the arts, and what was its moral character is revealed to the present age by such monuments as come from Pompeii, whose displays of shameless sensualism are so gross and revolting, that they are hidden from public view in the museums of Naples, into which no woman or young person is permitted to enter. Some notion of the prevailing immoralities of that golden age of Roman art may also be gathered from the satires of Juvenal, or other poets of that time, and in another form from the introductory portions of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The Emperor Nero was himself not only a patron of the arts and a connoisseur in all

their departments, but also an artist himself of no mean pretensions, and yet his name has become a synonym for all that is base and brutally corrupt. These things, which are only extreme examples of both refinement and moral corruption, sufficiently show that the civilizations of the Old World were inadequate to the task of elevating and saving the people among whom they prevailed.

But it may not, therefore, be claimed that culture is itself incompatible with the purest forms of morality or with spiritual religion. On the contrary, it may be doubted whether even Christianity can realize its own ideal as a social factor apart from the agency of culture. The poets, indeed, tell of a golden age of simple and uncorrupted purity of manners, as if only among such conditions could real purity be found; and men who have lived among and participated in the mingled refinements and vices of society, are apt to associate together the opposites of these—simplicity and purity. But the history of society, even the most primitive and unartificial, will show that these images of an Arcadian perfection among shepherds and peasants are only poetical creations. So, too, we hear of the "noble red men" of the West, but they are seldom found outside of the stories of poets and novelists. Mankind, left to themselves, invariably incline to richness of life and character, out of which state they can be raised only by a power that is beyond themselves, and against which tendency culture, whether intellectual or artistic, is altogether impotent. But Christianity, by presenting the most exalted ideal of virtue, and by enforcing its demands by the most cogent motives, and by waking into activity the better elements of man's nature, tends powerfully to develop the highest and best forms of real spiritual culture. It has, indeed, done some of its best work among the poor and uncultured. Yet even those it tends to elevate into a higher plane of thought and life. It may find the man a brute or a savage, but if received it will not permit him to continue to be such.

The present is an age of unwonted activities among the nations of Christendom, and the tendency of affairs is every-where towards greater freedom of the individual, and to enlarged liberality in the forms and administrations of governments. Towards that point

all the movements of the times point; the "progress" of the age is in that direction, and by it the world is growing better. But both its effectiveness for good and its permanency will depend upon the proportion in which it shall be penetrated and inspired by the Christian element. All men desire to be free, and only when free can they realize the highest possibilities of their nature; and for that purpose they need also to be set about by such salutary restraints, as shall inspire all that is really excellent in them for the achievement of the noblest destiny. This we have in the civilization in which we live, and by virtue of which we possess and enjoy all our social advantages. Slowly and painfully the world is rising out of its depression, through the quickening and energizing agency of Christian truth. The present is better than the past, and the ruling tendencies are in the right direction. But there still remains very much to be accomplished before the world shall be altogether redeemed.

THE NEW DISCIPLINE—ITS JUDICIAL CODE.

To one of an especially sensitive, and a not peculiarly strong nervous system, the idea of a deliberative body actually engaged, with "full powers," in readjusting the organic laws of an associated body numbered by millions, and involving the highest social and religious interests, may indeed seem perilous and justly alarming. And just that thing actually occurs in the month of May of every fourth year, at the successive sessions of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One of these assemblages took place only a few months ago, in this city of Cincinnati, and though for the current month it was a central point of interest thereabouts, yet at the month's end it disappeared as suddenly and as quietly as that renowned Arab, who "silently folded his tent and stole away." The world moved on as usual; the newsmongers sought out new fields in which to ply their arts, and even the lesser world of Methodism scarcely knew that any great change had been effected in its constitution. At length, however, we have the results of its doings digested and codified, and fairly set forth, in the Book of Discipline for 1880, just issued by the Book Concerns.

In its outward form and structure the little volume is in scarcely any particular unlike its former self. Its internal matter, also, is very like its immediate predecessor in the arrangements and distribution, as to which the present method of a continuous series of sections, without the awkward and antiquated form of questions and answers formerly used, is a decided improvement. In respect to the legislative and administrative changes introduced, a closer examination will be required to detect them and properly to estimate their value. Of these the amended provisions for the judicial administration of the Church's affairs are especially deserving of notice, and among these none more so than those which relate to the conservation of its doctrinal status.

The uniformity of their doctrinal positions has been an occasion of boasting among Methodists, which, however, has been somewhat modified by certain recent eccentric expressions and speculations. It is very easy to say what is contrary to Methodist doctrine in many important particulars, but not so easy in some others. The Articles of Religion form a fence against Romanism, and also directly set forth the evangelical doctrines of salvation by grace, into which enter in their proper order the doctrines of the atonement of Christ, the effectual agency of the Holy Ghost, and men's faith and obedience. But most of these things are expressed with such a "convenient indefiniteness" that a very considerable verge is allowed for specific differences of opinions; and as the theology of Methodism comes to be more and more fully developed in its details, and in its philosophical relations and implications, it must necessarily happen that differences will arise. Just how far these may be allowable, and how to correct or condemn them whenever they may proceed to unwarrantable lengths, are questions that demand the attention of those to whom is committed the keeping of the Church's interests.

The whole spirit of these times, in which the great body of Methodists are in full sympathy, demands no inconsiderable degree of liberty of individual thinking; but they are also opposed to permitting this liberty to degenerate into license. Methodist preaching is chiefly of a practical character, and is a means to a well defined end, to wit, to con-

vince men of sin, to lead penitents to Christ, and to build up believers in holiness. Whatever is unfriendly to these purposes must be disallowed; but beyond these it may not be wise to inquire very closely into man's speculative notions. But two much more difficult questions, heretofore unanswered, have been forced into notice, namely:

What are the standards of Methodist doctrine? and, how shall departures from them be ascertained? On one extreme it has been contended that the only authoritative standards are the twenty-five Articles of Religion, and this notion formerly had the support of an important section of the Discipline, though evidently some of the most manifest and pestilent of modern heresies are not explicitly condemned by those articles. On the other side, it has been claimed that a large mass of early Methodist literature must be accepted as standards of doctrines, which, however, is practically impossible, because no limit can be set up respecting what shall be included and what disallowed. The only alternative for these impracticable schemes is to refer each case to the present judgment of the living Church, duly enlightened and instructed by the traditional and generally accepted faith of Methodism.

In the revised code, for the trial of a bishop it is provided, that "when a bishop disseminates, publicly or privately, doctrines which are contrary to our Articles of Religion, or established standards of doctrines," he may be called to account in the same way as for "immoral conduct;" thus clearly recognizing certain "established standards" additional to the Articles. The same thing is found in the rules for the trial of traveling preachers. But since these "established standards" are nowhere designated in the laws of the Church, and because nobody is authorized to declare what they are, the triers in each case must decide these questions for themselves, and determine accordingly in the judgments that they shall render; and against any decision so rendered the aggrieved party has the right of appeal to a higher tribunal, who may rehear the case, but still subject to the same rules of law and evidence.

The theory on which these provisions are based, is that the living Church is at all times the judge of its own doctrinal status, deter-

mining of course, with due reference to what has been all along held and believed, yet not so slavishly but that certain tenets once in good repute may be disallowed, and others not formerly accepted may be tolerated. The criterion in all such cases must be sought in the importance or otherwise—the essentiality or non-essentiality—of the disputed opinions in respect to the substance of the evangelical faith. And this method of determining questions of doctrines, though apparently uncertain and liable to be capriciously applied, is probably more certain and stable than any other. It is certain that there are fewer cases of heretical defections among Methodists than in most other Churches, and the few that have been detected have been disposed of with less difficulty, and so as to give less cause for complaint than in most other like cases that have come under public notice. It is believed that the Church has in itself the elements and conditions necessary for its own protection; that the living and acting custodians of its interests are, with the direction of the divine Word and Spirit, equal to all its requirements; and that the powers thus committed to the Church—the keys of the kingdom—may be rightly and safely used in the fear of God, according to the present judgment of “the Church.” And when so acting, the Church has from its great Head the power to bind and to loose; and what shall be so done, though certainly not infallible, shall yet be of binding authority within the organic body of Christians with which the persons concerned may be associated. And yet to be adjudged a heretic, however lawfully in form, is not tantamount to exclusion from the kingdom of Christ. The flock is larger than any fold, and in any case the Chief Shepherd may say, “Other sheep have I that are not of this flock.”

DOCTRINAL DISSENT WITHIN THE CHURCH.

THE question of the moral honesty of one holding on to his ecclesiastical relations, and at the same time using his own free thoughts on questions of theology, which may be more or less out of harmony with those relations,

must be largely affected by both the kind and the degree of his doctrinal eccentricities. A liberal but not a licentious construction of established forms and symbols of faith is at once a right secured by Christian freedom, and a condition essential to the best interests of religion. But there is always a liability that the assertion of Christian liberty may degenerate into egoism and license. If one finds himself compelled to dissent in important and vital particulars from the recognized standards of his Church, he should be commended for his honesty and his courage in disclosing his convictions, but with equal emphasis should his duplicity and special pleadings be condemned if he attempts to reconcile his widely erratic views with such standards. The proper sense of almost any statement of doctrines of moderate fulness may be readily gathered by almost any mind of ordinary intelligence, and such evident meaning will be recognized by every really honest man. But there is reason to fear that there is quite too much lack of such open-handed truthfulness respecting these things.

Doctrinal standards are necessary for united Christian action, and while these should be construed not slavishly, and according to their spirit rather than their letter, it is the duty of all men to deal justly with their Church relations and their own consciences in these things. Men have sometimes felt compelled to withdraw their assent to the creeds to which they had before subscribed, and to retire from positions that they had occupied; and if in such cases we are compelled to regret their defection from what we cherish as the truth, we still applaud their self-denying honesty, and honor the man while we deprecate his errors. On the other hand, it is not only a wrong done to others, but also a sin against their own souls, when men prostitute the position to which they have been called as teachers and defenders of the faith, as defined by the Church whose honors they wear and whose bread they eat, and use them as batteries from which to war against the things they have vowed to defend. His heresy is not the chief fault of such man; his error is more of the heart than of the head.